

The Leader.

"THE one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.

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News of the Week.

DEATH has struck the severest blow that it could inflict on England: it has deprived the country of its greatest living statesman, Robert Peel. Suddenly, without warning, in the midst of power, almost in the midst of Parliament, it has seized upon the most powerful man in the Senate, and in a mortal paroxysm of agony has made him a terrible example of vicissitude. The first rumours of the disaster, on Sunday, were met by dismay and incredulity. Peel was too thoroughly mixed up with the active living present, too completely associated with the future, for the mind to accept the idea of his irrevocable extinction. Yet it was done; and in a manner more painful than surprising. In the leisure of a Saturday afternoon the busy statesman was taking his ride of recreation and health; he fell from his horse; the unrelinquished rein drew back the horse upon him, and in the crush he sustained fatal injuries. He was hurried home, suffering so severely that they could not carry him further than the dining-room; and increasing agony forbade that searching examination of his hurts which might have prevented the fatal termination. For the three remaining days he appears to have been conscious to little more than pain. He knew his friends, indeed, and bade them farewell.

How the accident happened is a matter of doubt. At first the horse was suspected as a newly-purchased, and, perhaps, mischievous animal; but suspicions on that head have been refuted. Another conjecture is, that before the accident the horseman's faculties had been clouded by something in the nature of a fit; and the observation of a gentleman who passed him just before the accident lends probability to the conjecture: Sir Robert sat with his head stooping forward, as if he were dozing. It had been observed that his speech of Friday night was less animated than usual. It certainly was conceived in a solemn spirit, as though the speaker were released from transitory motives and speaking from the depths of his heart. Possibly some feeling of apprehension may have suggested that almost melancholy vein: possibly also the exertion of that protracted night may have helped the disaster.

The calamity must have been severely felt whenever it happened; but there is a solace even in the severity of the regret. It must gratify the friends of the departed statesman, nay, it gratifies the public itself, to note the universal and strong expression of regret. There is not a class that has not testified its sorrow, almost with a personal feeling. In Parliament every sense of party division was instantly obliterated; and at the next meeting an eloquent tribute of esteem was paid from every section of the House.

The political consequences of the event must necessarily be considerable.

Sir Robert Peel not only filled a conspicuous place, but he also exercised a practical influence far deeper and more extensive, on every side of the House, than any party would willingly admit. The mixed nature of that influence was of an extraordinary kind: in one sense he may be said to have been not only independent of all the separate parties that go by political nicknames, but also in many respects to have been their opponent. In his latter years he gave in to the sectional purposes of no party; yet through his sympathy with any real influence, and his faculty for estimating actual power of any kind, he retained a strange degree of sympathy with all the principal parties. He sympathized with the Conservative tendencies of his quondam allies, the Tories; with the administrative necessities and ex-officio purposes of "the party in power;" with many of the reforming objects of the Radicals. By this singular combination of functions and sympathies, in his own person, he was not only on occasion the most powerful opponent that any one party could encounter, but he was also, for some purposes, the most powerful patron whose aid either party could invoke; and the purposes for which his aid was attainable usually were such as did most credit to their party. From these circumstances it happened that every party was open to his counsel even when it appeared to repudiate him; no party really liked to brave him: even when some aspiring leader was heated to that pitch of audacity, the followers quailed, and hinted moderation. In a considerable degree, therefore, Peel exercised a moral veto upon the excesses of party,—he maintained an atmosphere of moderation, and by a negative process, all the measures of Parliament tended to a conformity with the spirit of his legislation. Whether he was in or out of office, the House of Commons was thoroughly imbued with his spirit—was effectually "Peelized."

That is gone. The poor Ministers have lost their patron; the Tory leaders are relieved of the great chief whose comparison was such an incubus on their energy; the Radicals are deprived of their forcible appeal against Whig backslidings and inefficiencies. Each party must retreat upon itself; and is at the same time left without its moderator: but the event has come so suddenly, that neither section is provided with a policy for the occasion; and speculation as to the future is in some confusion. The popular man who could "throw himself upon the country" would now find an opening.

It was understood, last week, that if the Ministers were beaten on the Palmerston question, they would not resign, as that would not afford a proper occasion for their euthanasia and political resurrection; but that they would choose some Irish measure—probably the Parliamentary Voters (Ireland) Bill; which would make a better "cry" in appealing to the country. For they had fully made up their minds to be beaten, and this week their ex-

pectation has been confirmed. Their victor is Lord Desart, who has altered their Irish franchise from £8 to £15. However, as they were not beaten in the Commons they may now think it quite "constitutional" to disregard a defeat in the Lords.

They seem to be preparing for a pointblank retraction in the Post Office matter. Lord Ashley made them adopt the Sunday suspension, and the newspaper proprietors have made them adopt the Sunday resumption; at least Lord Clanricarde has half promised as much. They are also engaged in a contest about the site for the Exposition of 1851; but as the official intention is supported out of doors by public opinion very distinctly manifested, it is scarcely possible that they can yield to the organized resistance got up by some "distinguished" and fastidious frequenters of the Park. If Ministers should succumb, the case might be interesting, as establishing the standard of minimum power requisite to bear down a Whig Cabinet.

"The Mountain of Light," the great Indian diamond, whose value it would puzzle Monsieur Daze to calculate, is added to Queen Victoria's possessions; the "Mountain," about as big as the upper half of an extinguisher, and worth, in jewellers' tariff, a great deal more than any one would pay for it. After an adventurous career among the changeable dynasties of India, it finds its fitting asylum in the British treasury. It is of price and beauty to mate with the Royal jewels; but, tested by the wiser ideas of modern times, it has no adequate saleable value. As "produce," diamonds are not worth much: they are splendid curiosities, fit for museums and royal pageants.

Abroad, the events are not of a very imposing nature. We do not learn that in Paris Louis Philippe's reviving health causes much political speculation. A good deal more attention is excited by the dinner which M. Emile de Girardin has given to the working printers of his establishment.

Central Europe is the scene of the newest political activity: the Princes are still at work striving to fetter the press; and the Austrian Government has returned to its old efforts at instigating the Gallician peasantry against their landlords; for Austria, in favoured fields, is the greatest incendiary of Europe. We see, also, the report of an insurrection in Bulgaria; a province where the population, used to subjection, socially comfortable, and looking for material progress rather than political emancipation, has been very much averse from disorder. We must suspect Russian machinations against Turkish ascendancy in this new revolution.

On the other side of the Atlantic the Senate has been rivaling the British House of Lords in its personal piquancies; only that they have a more emphatic fashion among the Yankees. The Brougham and Bunsen affair, amusing as it was, is quite outdone by the verbal rencontre of Clay and Benton. Mr. Webster has been guilty of a startling innovation, which we should have thought

hardly "constitutional" in that quarter: he has boldly denounced the indecent squabbles which seem to be reckoned among the political institutions of America. Another characteristic scene was that in which Mr. Forrest chastised Mr. N. P. Willis, for being guilty of being suspected in regard to Mr. Forrest's wife. Mr. Forrest, who is much the bigger man, assailed the author, knocked him down, continued to beat him severely when he was down, and asked the bystanders not to interfere. They obliquely displayed their American bienséance by abstaining? They approvingly looked on while Mr. Forrest vindicated his honour by adding a coward brutality to his flaunting ferocity.

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Lords has exercised its vocation upon the Parliamentary Voters (Ireland) Bill. The Earl of DESART's motion to substitute £15 for £8 as the county qualification was carried, on Monday evening, by 72 to 50. The chief speakers in favour of this amendment were Lord STANLEY and Lord BROUGHAM. The Bishop of DOWN and the Marquis of LANSDOWNE vainly attempted to prevent the peers from thus putting themselves in collision with the House of Commons.

The Earl of HARROWBY moved for the appointment of a select committee, on Tuesday evening, to inquire into the operation and effect of the system under which the annual grant of public money for educational purposes is administered. The noble lord discussed the whole question in a very temperate speech, declaring that he believed the country in general had arrived at the conclusion that to attempt to separate education altogether from religion was perfectly impossible; that the training of man was inseparable from religion, and that, therefore, the two should never be disjointed. The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, after defending the system of the Privy Council at considerable length, declared that he was not averse to the proposed committee; he thought, however, it was too late to appoint it during the present session; but if Lord Harrowby would postpone his motion till the next session, the Government would not oppose it. A lengthened discussion took place, but the Earl of HARROWBY declined to withdraw his motion. On a division it was rejected by 31 to 26.

Some conversation took place in the House of Commons, on Monday evening, respecting the site of the National Exhibition of 1851. The Attorney-General stated that Hyde-park was the property of the Crown in fee, and that on each accession it was vested in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests as trustees for the public. Those commissioners had a right to cut down mature trees, and, with the royal sanction, immature trees, but were unable to grant any lease for the erection of permanent buildings. He declined to suggest how the public were to interfere, if dissatisfied with the acts of the trustees. Lord J. RUSSELL stated that the exhibition was to close on the 1st of November, 1851, at latest, and in seven months from that date the whole building was to be removed, and he reiterated the statement that there was no idea of applying to the public purse for assistance. Mr. REYNOLDS offered the Phoenix-park, Dublin, for the Exhibition, and Mr. ALCOCK proposed Battersea-fields. Mr. DUNCOMBE thought that it would be better to brave the frowns of Rotten-row rather than peril the Exhibition, and objected to the price of half-a-crown, which it was understood was intended to be charged for admission, saying that the entrance ought to be free three days in the week; a suggestion which was rejected by Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Finally, it was arranged that the whole matter should be discussed on Thursday, and in the mean time a memorial, addressed to the Lords of the Treasury, by the Commissioners in charge of the Exhibition, stating the decision to which they had come, as to the locality and the reasons for it, was to be placed in the hands of members.

In the House of Commons on Thursday, Sir GEORGE GREY, who spoke with some emotion, moved that the orders of the day which stood for twelve o'clock should be postponed, in order that Lord John Russell might have an opportunity, at an hour when the attendance was more numerous, to propose some expression of that feeling which they all entertained with respect to the late melancholy event. About a quarter to five, the House being very full, and members evidently in earnest expectation of the statement that was to ensue, Lord JOHN RUSSELL appeared at the bar, and, having brought up certain papers, addressed the House amidst the most breathless silence and the most intense attention. Indeed, as the noble lord began, members with almost one accord took off their hats, as when a royal message is announced. The noble lord's countenance was pale, and its expression exhibited that deep emotion which the tone of his voice also feelingly indicated; and, as he proceeded, similar marks of emotion were observable on the faces of many members, not a few of whom appeared

to be in tears. After passing a high and generous eulogy upon Sir Robert Peel, Lord John concluded thus:—

"With these feelings, I wish to say that if it should appear to the friends of the late Sir Robert to be desirable that the course should be taken which was taken upon the death of Mr. Pitt—(Hear, hear)—without proceeding now to any motion on the subject, for my own part I should give any willing support to any motion for a public funeral—(Hear, hear)—or if it should be thought that the same course should be taken as at the funeral of Mr. Grattan—(Hear, hear)—I should be ready to concur in such a course—(Hear, hear). I may, perhaps, be permitted to add that, thinking it right to obtain the sanction of the Crown before I made any such proposal, I feel assured that anything which could do honour to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, or will add a tribute to his fame, will be immediately sanctioned by her Majesty. (Cheers.) I wish, therefore, only to say that I place myself in this matter in the hands and rest on the decision of the right honourable baronet's nearest friends. But having had no political connection with him at any time, perhaps the proposal may come more fitly from me, as not being moved to it by any partiality. (Hear, hear.) I feel, however, sir, that the country now, and that posterity hereafter, in reckoning the names of the eminent statesmen who have adorned the annals of this country, and have contributed to her lustre, will rank Sir Robert Peel among the first and most illustrious of them all." (Cordial but subdued cheers.)

Mr. GOULBURN, who was deeply affected, and could scarcely articulate, said that, as one of the executors of his late dear friend, and on the part of his family, he accepted with gratitude the gracious intentions of the Sovereign and the acknowledgments of the House, but he felt constrained to decline, respectfully, but firmly, the proposal for a public funeral. Simplicity was one of the great characteristics of his late right honourable friend, who had a dislike to pomp and ostentation, especially in reference to funerals, and who had, when in the plenitude of power in 1844, written strict injunctions that he should be interred in the vault of the parish church of Drayton with his father and mother, and that his funeral should be without ostentation or parade. That this aversion to public funeral continued, was established by the fact that no longer than six weeks ago, when alterations were making in the church of Drayton, he pointed out the very spot in the church in which he wished his body to be laid without ostentation or parade. Under these circumstances, his immediate friends and family had only one course to pursue, to decline the great honour which her Majesty and the House were willing to pay his remains.

After a few words from Mr. HERRIES, the subject dropped.

In the House of Lords a warm tribute of respect was paid to the character of Sir Robert Peel, by the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, Lord STANLEY, Lord BROUGHAM, the Duke of WELLINGTON, and the Duke of CLEVELAND.

The question relative to the site of the Industrial Exhibition of 1851 was the subject of discussion in both Houses on Thursday evening. In the House of Lords Lord CAMPBELL presented a petition from Mr. Elger, the architect, complaining of the great depreciation of property which had taken place in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge in consequence of the proposal to hold the Exhibition in Hyde-park. Lord BROUGHAM contended that in a legal point of view no power existed to warrant such an encroachment on the public parks, even for a temporary occasion, and concluded by moving the appointment of a select committee to investigate the subject. Lord GRANVILLE defended the commissioners, and the site they had chosen for the Exhibition. After some observations from Lord CAMPBELL, Lord BROUGHAM, at the request of Earl Grey, agreed not to press his motion to a division.

In the House of Commons Colonel SIBTHORP, after condemning the proposed exhibition as a great humbug, moved that a select committee be appointed to take the whole subject into consideration. Sir BENJAMIN HALL moved, as an amendment, an address to her Majesty, praying that she would prevent the erection of any buildings in Hyde-park. A long discussion followed. Mr. STEPHENSON ridiculed the exaggerated statements of the *Times* as to the injury which the park would suffer from the proposed building. Mr. HUME said the opposition to the exhibition was founded upon the narrowest views, and that the inconvenience to ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the park ought not to weigh against the vast utility likely to flow from the projected exhibition. Mr. LABOUCHERE hoped the House would not suffer the arrangements to be disturbed. The credit of the country was involved in the carrying out of this exhibition, and he, therefore, supported the site of Hyde-park as recommended by the commissioners. Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL also spoke in favour of Hyde-park as the site of the exhibition. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE, Mr. HOPE, Sir DE LACY EVANS, and Lord DUDLEY STUART were opposed to it. The House having divided upon Sir Benjamin Hall's amendment, it was rejected by 166 to 47. Colonel Sibthorp's motion was rejected by 166 to 46.

SIR ROBERT PEELE.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT.

The melancholy news of a serious accident having happened to Sir Robert Peel became partially current throughout the metropolis on Saturday evening, but it did not become general till next morning. The statements were very contradictory, nor was it till Monday morning that accurate information could be obtained. The accounts given in the morning papers left no room to doubt that Sir Robert had met with an alarming accident, and throughout the whole of that day the illness of the honourable baronet was the universal topic of conversation.

From the various narratives of the accident it appeared that Sir Robert Peel left Whitehall-gardens shortly before five on Saturday afternoon, attended by his groom. Proceeding through the park, he had called at Buckingham Palace, and was riding up Constitution-hill, when he met a groom who rode a somewhat skittish horse. When Sir Robert approached him the animal on which he was riding—also a young and spirited horse—began to plunge, and presently kicked up his hind legs. The effect of this action was, that Sir Robert was instantly unhorsed, and fell over the animal's head on his face in the road. Although rendered insensible by the fall, he for the moment retained hold of the bridle—probably it was entangled in some part of his person—and the horse being suddenly checked thereby, fell heavily upon Sir Robert, the animal's knees striking him between the shoulders. There were several persons passing near the spot at the time, and among the rest Sir James Clarke, her Majesty's physician: the Rev. Canon Wood, chaplain to her late Majesty the Queen Dowager; and Commodore Eden, nephew to the Earl of Auckland. The first persons to raise Sir Robert from the ground were two gentlemen named Towill and King, one residing in Chesham place, and the other in St. Paul's Churchyard. The right honourable baronet was then completely insensible—his features were slightly abraded, and his face perfectly pallid, indeed, so much changed, that it was some moments before his identity was discovered. Sir James Clarke, on observing the accident, hastened forward to render all the assistance in his power; and Commodore Eden, who was the first to recognise Sir Robert, galloped off to give the first information at the right honourable baronet's residence, and endeavour to lessen the shock to the family on receiving the intelligence. The carriage of Mrs. Lucas, a lady resident in Bryanstone-square, happened to be passing shortly after the accident, and Sir James Clarke, seeing the dangerous condition of Sir Robert, at once availed himself of the spontaneous offer of Mrs. Lucas to give up her carriage in order to convey the right honourable baronet to his residence. Sir Robert having been placed in the carriage, was driven slowly home, and the best medical talent that the metropolis afforded was summoned immediately.

He was immediately placed in bed, and a medical examination having taken place, a bulletin was issued, giving a statement of the nature of the injuries. A great number of the nobility and gentry called on Saturday evening to learn the particulars of the melancholy accident. On Sunday the public anxiety increased, nor was it much allayed by the bulletin published in the morning, which stated that Sir Robert Peel had had an indifferent night. In the course of the day other two bulletins were issued, neither of which were very encouraging. On Monday a slight change took place, giving a little room for hope, but this was again blasted by the announcement next morning that the symptoms had become unfavourable. On Tuesday, the bulletins issued were more and more gloomy, till at last the sad announcement was made that Sir Robert Peel was no more. The shock caused by the sad news was greater than anything we can remember since the death of Mr. Canning. The universal feeling seemed to be that in him England had lost the man whom she could worst spare.

The following circumstantial account of the accident and the succeeding events has been drawn up from information furnished by eye-witnesses.

Sir Robert Peel had called at Buckingham Palace and entered his name in Her Majesty's visiting book only a few minutes before the accident. Proceeding up Constitution-hill, he had arrived nearly opposite the wicket-gate leading into the Green Park when he met Miss Ellis, one of Lady Dover's daughters, on horseback, attended by a groom. Sir Robert had scarcely changed salutes with this young lady when his horse became slightly restive, swerved towards the rails of the Green Park, and threw Sir Robert sideways on his left shoulder. Two gentlemen who were close to the spot ran forward and raised him, holding him in a sitting posture. Dr. Foucart was the third gentleman to render assistance. He saw the accident from a distance of 150 yards, and hastening forward reached the spot just as Sir Robert had been raised by the other two gentlemen. Sir Robert, on being raised, groaned very heavily, and in reply to Dr. Foucart's question, as to whether he was much hurt, replied, "Yes—very much." During the few moments which elapsed before a carriage was procured Sir Robert became unconscious, in which state he remained until after he had been assisted into the carriage. He then

slightly revived, and, again in reply to Dr. Foucart, said, "I feel better." The carriage was then ordered to drive slowly through the park to Whitehall-gardens, Sir Robert being supported by Dr. Foucart and the two gentlemen who had first raised him from the ground. They had not proceeded more than thirty yards when Sir James Clarke met the carriage, and, having heard of the accident, came up to see if he could render any assistance. Dr. Foucart requested Sir James to accompany him in the carriage to Whitehall, which Sir James consented to do. In a few minutes after he had entered the carriage Sir Robert became much excited, and endeavoured to raise himself up, which it was thought necessary to prevent. He then again sank into a state of half-unconsciousness, in which he remained until his arrival in Whitehall-gardens. On being lifted out of the carriage he revived, and walked, with assistance, into the house. On entering the mansion, Sir Robert was met by Lady Peel and the members of his family, who had been awaiting his arrival in painful anxiety after having received intelligence of the accident. Lady Peel was overwhelmed with emotion, and would have flung herself into her husband's arms had not Sir James Clarke and the other gentlemen in attendance removed her. The effect of the meeting upon Sir Robert was extremely painful. He swooned in the arms of Dr. Foucart, and was placed upon a sofa in the nearest apartment (the dining-room). From this room Sir Robert was never removed, and so extremely sensitive to pain did he speedily become that it was only after very considerable difficulty that he could be removed from the sofa to a patent hydraulic bed which had been procured for his use.

Sir James Clarke having consulted with Lady Peel, it was arranged to send at once for Sir Benjamin Brodie and Mr. Cæsar Hawkins. Dr. Seymour and Mr. Hodgson, the family physician and surgeon, were also sent for at the same time. Sir James Clarke and Dr. Foucart remained in attendance until Mr. Shaw (Sir Benjamin Brodie's assistant) came, when the former left. At length Sir Benjamin arrived, and a consultation took place between the six gentlemen whose names are above given. A formidable difficulty presented itself at the very outset of the case, from the distressing fact that Sir Robert's sufferings were so acute that he would not permit any minute examination of his injuries to be made by the medical men. The slightest touch in the vicinity of the injured parts gave him intense agony, and the only manner in which he could be treated under the circumstances was to assume that the comminuted fracture of the clavicle (which was evident to the eye on the clothes being removed) was the only one, and that the ribs were uninjured. After the consultation it was determined to reduce this fracture, but, owing to the extreme sensibility of the patient, the operation was not completely performed, and, at the expiration of a few hours, the sufferer entreated that he might be released from the bandages, and they were accordingly taken off. During Saturday evening Sir Robert was permitted to see Lady Peel and the members of his family; but after this time it was thought advisable to exclude all strangers from the apartment, for fear of producing any additional excitement. Sir Robert passed a restless night on Saturday, his extreme sensibility to touch increasing hourly, and his symptoms altogether becoming very alarming, which at the first, we believe, some of the medical gentlemen in attendance did not consider them to be. On Sunday evening, the pulse having increased from between 80 and 90, at which it had ranged after the accident, to upwards of 100, it was deemed necessary to take some blood, with a view of reducing the inflammation. Twenty leeches were accordingly applied to the left shoulder by Dr. Foucart, and a large quantity of blood was obtained. There was no positive improvement in the condition of the patient from this operation, and he continued in a very precarious state throughout the whole of Sunday and Monday. On Monday night the alarming symptoms were greatly increased. About seven o'clock Sir Robert became delirious, and attempted to raise himself in up in bed. In this state he continued during the greater part of the night, and at intervals he became so much exhausted that his medical attendants were several times of opinion that he could not survive through the night. In the paroxysms of his sufferings Sir Robert's thoughts were with his oldest and dearest friends, and the names of Hardinge and Graham were frequently upon his lips. At four o'clock on Tuesday morning Sir Robert fell into a sound sleep, in which he continued uninterrupted until eight o'clock. On awaking, his mind was quite composed, and his medical attendants considered him to be much refreshed by the rest he had enjoyed. There was still, however, cause for intense anxiety. From the period of the accident up to this time (nearly seventy hours) Sir Robert had taken no other sustenance than a glass of champagne and the yolk of one egg beaten up, which he was induced with some difficulty to swallow. Medicine had been administered, as a matter of course, but throughout the same lengthened period the system had remained perfectly inactive. The pulse had greatly increased on Tuesday, marking from 112 to 118, and becoming very weak. At noon on Tuesday Sir Robert expressed himself to be a little easier. This relief was, unhappily, of short duration. At two o'clock far more dangerous symptoms than any which had yet been observed presented themselves. At this time Sir Robert began to breathe stertorously, and his senses again failed him. He ceased to answer any of the questions addressed to him, and appeared to be sinking into a comatose state. Sir Benjamin Brodie was again sent for, and on his arrival agreed with Dr. Foucart and the other medical gentlemen that the case now assumed a most dangerous aspect. The pulse had become very weak, and marked 118. From two o'clock to six o'clock the change for the worse was progressive, the pulse increasing to 130, and becoming gradually weaker. Stimulants were administered, but had no apparent effect, and the stertorous breathing became more and more painful.

The relatives were now informed that all the relief medical science could afford was exhausted, and that no hope whatever existed of Sir Robert Peel's life being prolonged for twenty-four hours. The Bishop of Gibraltar (the Rev. Dr. Tomlinson), a very old friend of Sir Robert's, was now sent for to administer the last offices of the church. On the arrival of the prelate it was intimated to Lady Peel and the members of the family that they might now, without risk of increasing the dangerous condition of the patient, be admitted to the apartment in which he was lying. In a few moments the whole family were assembled in the presence of their beloved relative, whose exhausted condition at this time scarcely enabled him to recognize their identity. He revived sufficiently during one period of the interview to identify the features of those beloved ones surrounding his couch—towards whom he at length extended his faltering hand, and, in an attitude bespeaking the intensity of his feelings, whispered in a scarcely audible voice—"God bless you!"

At the termination of this distressing scene Lord Hardinge and Sir James Graham, who had been informed of the fatal result anticipated, were admitted to the presence of the patient, now rapidly sinking. Both gentlemen were painfully affected; and well might Lord Hardinge remark on leaving the room that the contemplation of his beloved friend upon his dying couch had more unnerved him than all the dangers he had encountered on the plains of Moodkee and Sobraon.

At 9 o'clock Sir Robert had become so exhausted as to be callous to all external impressions. The members of his family still remained near him, with the exception of Lady Peel, whose painfully excited feelings rendered it absolutely necessary to remove her from the apartment. The sufferer's strength was, however, so far exhausted that, although he gave occasional indications of being sensible of their presence, the power of utterance had altogether ceased, and it soon became evident that his end was rapidly approaching.

Sir Robert ceased to exist at nine minutes after 11 o'clock. Those present at his decease were, his three brothers, the Dean of Worcester, Colonel Peel, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Peel, three of his sons, Mr. F. Peel, M.P., Captain W. Peel, R.N., and Mr. Arthur Peel; his son-in-law, Lord Villiers; Lord Hardinge, Sir J. Graham, and the medical gentlemen in attendance. Sensibility to pain had ceased some time before death, and his last moments were not disturbed by any physical suffering.

After death an examination of the body was made, when a most important fact was for the first time discovered, viz., that the fifth rib on the left side was fractured. This was the region where Sir Robert complained of suffering the greatest pain, and it was probably the seat of the mortal injury, the broken rib pressing on the lung, and producing what is technically known as effusion and pulmonary engorgement.

The family were consulted on the subject of a post mortem examination, but both Mr. Frederick Peel and Captain Peel objected to allow the remains to be disturbed in any way, and the precise cause of death will, therefore, never be ascertained. An application for permission to take a cast of the face from an eminent sculptor, was also refused.

Lady Peel continued throughout Tuesday night in a state of complete prostration, and on Wednesday morning her illness had so much increased that it was found necessary to call in Sir Benjamin Brodie.

Several of the principal mercantile establishments in the city and at the west end manifested their high respect for the lamented deceased and their deep regret at his premature demise by closing their windows—a proceeding almost universally adopted in the neighbourhood of Whitehall. The flags of many vessels on the river, and also on many public buildings, were hoisted half-mast high, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

The body was placed in a shell on Wednesday evening, and the funeral will, it is expected, take place in the mausoleum of the family at Drayton, near Tamworth, in the early part of the ensuing week.

It is said that the horse from which Sir Robert Peel received his fall on Saturday last was bought at Tattersall's, on the 22nd of April last, by Mr. Beckett Denison, and intended to be offered to Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Denison rode him daily for a week. He met the troops with their bands playing, as well as omnibuses and carriages in Piccadilly—all which the horse passed without showing the smallest disposition to shy. Mr. Denison insisted upon Sir Robert riding him for a week before he decided on keeping him. He did so, and then requested he might have him. The horse had been regularly hunted, was eight years old, and had been ridden by Lord Villiers, who thought he would suit his father-in-law exceedingly well. For the last two months Sir Robert had ridden this horse regularly.

The House of Commons assembled on Wednesday at noon, and the Speaker having taken the chair, Mr. Hume, after paying a warm tribute to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, during the delivery of which he was deeply affected, moved that, "out of respect to the great services of the late right honourable gentleman," all business should be adjourned till Thursday. The motion was seconded by Mr. Gladstone, who was also much affected. He felt sure that it would be a subject of grief to Lord John Russell that, owing to this motion having been made a few minutes earlier than might have been expected, he had not had an opportunity of taking his part in this "the earliest, but not the last, tribute of respect to the memory of that great man, whom he might now refer to in his own name—Sir Robert Peel."

Mr. Napier, Sir Robert Inglis, and Sir William Somerville severally expressed their accordance with the motion, and spoke in befitting terms of the loss which Parliament and the country have sustained by the sudden death of Sir Robert Peel. The House then adjourned at a quarter past one o'clock.

HIS LIFE AND CAREER.

Although the main incidents of Sir Robert Peel's career are well known, the reader will not be displeased to possess a rapid summary of it.

The father of the late baronet was one of the most successful manufacturers of Lancashire. In the year 1773, in conjunction with Mr. Yates, he established a large cotton manufactory at Bury, in Lancashire. The establishment soon attained extraordinary prosperity. It is stated that by the year 1803 the firm had in their employment no fewer than 15,000 persons, and that their contribution to the Excise in the shape of duty on printed goods amounted to no less than £40,000 a-year. In 1787 Mr. Peel married the daughter of his partner, Mr. Yates, and his son Robert was eldest of a family of six sons and five daughters. He was one of the warmest supporters of Mr. Pitt's policy; and his admiration of that statesman and of his system was extreme. But loyalty to his country and to his political principles took a more substantial shape than that of consistent Parliamentary support; for when, in 1798, the Government appealed to the community for pecuniary support in the war against France, the firm of which he was the head gave no less a sum than £10,000. In 1800 he was created a baronet—an honour well earned by his long political services. In 1812 he was made a Privy Councillor—an honour which he survived nearly twenty years. Some notion of the wealth amassed by him in the course of many years of manufacturing enterprise may be formed from the fact that when, in June 1830, his will was proved, the personal property was sworn at £1,200,000.

The Sir Robert, who, until late years, was frequently in the habit of alluding to his origin, thus speaks of the founder of the house of Drayton:—

"He moved in a confined sphere, and employed his talents in improving the cotton trade. He had neither wish nor opportunity of making himself acquainted with his native country, or society far removed from his native county, Lancashire. I lived under his roof till I attained the age of manhood, and had many opportunities of discovering that he possessed in an eminent degree a mechanical genius and a good heart. He had many sons, and placed them all in situations that they might be useful to each other. The cotton trade was preferred as best calculated to secure this object; and by habits of industry, and imparting to his offspring an intimate knowledge of the various branches of the cotton manufacture, he lived to see his children connected together in business, and by their successful exertions to become, without one exception, opulent and happy. My father may be truly said to have been the founder of our family; and he so accurately appreciated the importance of commercial wealth in a national point of view that he was often heard to say that the gains to individuals were small, compared with the national gains arising from trade."

The late baronet was born on the 5th of February, 1783, in a small cottage near Bury, in which the family was residing while Chamber Hall, the family mansion, was undergoing repair. At an early age he was sent to Harrow School, where he was the school-fellow of Byron, who was of the same age with himself; and he completed his education at Oxford, where he obtained a double first-class degree, indicating the highest proficiency in classics and mathematics. Byron thus speaks of him while he was his companion at Harrow:—

"Peel, the orator and statesman ('that was or is to be'), was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all—masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a school-boy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and *he never*; and in school, he *always* knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing."

In 1809 he made his first appearance in Parliament, having been returned for the borough of Cashel. At that time there were some remarkable men in the House of Commons. Tierney, Sheridan, Wilberforce, Windham, and Whitbread were amongst the most conspicuous of those who had shared the campaigns of the great leaders of the parliamentary strife of past days, and who were now descending from the stage; while Canning was in the vigour of life and the maturity of his brilliant powers; Grattan, Romilly, Burdett, the idol of the Radicals; Lord Henry Petty (the Marquis of Lansdowne); James Abercromby, afterwards the Whig Speaker of the House, and now Lord Dunfermline; Croker, of official and literary notoriety; Charles Grant (Lord Glenelg); Francis Horner; Sir Henry Parnell (late Lord Congleton); not forgetting Lord Castlereagh. Henry Brougham entered public life at the same time with Mr. Peel, as did Lord Palmerston and Frederick Robinson, now Earl of Ripon.

The time was somewhat important, but inauspicious. The expedition to Walcheren, with its unfortunate results, had brought much odium on the Ministry, of which the Duke of Portland was the head. Canning was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Castlereagh "for the Department of the

War and the Colonies." Between these secretaries a quarrel arose. Canning wished to get Castlereagh removed, and had spoken to the Duke of Portland about it; and Castlereagh, accusing Canning of treachery, challenged him. They met, and Canning was wounded. Upon this the Duke of Portland resigned, dying shortly afterwards; and the two secretaries also resigned. A reconstruction of the Ministry followed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Spencer Perceval, was placed at the head of the Ministry; the Marquis of Wellesley and the Earl of Liverpool replaced the duellists; and Lord Palmerston entered official life as Secretary at War.

On the meeting of Parliament in January, 1810, Mr. Peel, not quite twenty-two, made his bow to the public in the flattering capacity, to a young man, of seconding the address in answer to the royal speech. He spoke with liveliness and some point; and one passage of his speech is so characteristic of the future statesman that it deserves to be quoted:—

"England," said he, "desires neither peace nor war, but she will suffer no indignity, and will make no unbecoming concessions. With every engine of power and perfidy against us, the situation of this country has proved to Bonaparte that it is invulnerable in the very point to which all his efforts are directed. The accounts of the exports of British manufactures will be found to exceed by several millions those of any former period. With regard to our internal condition, while France has been stripped of the flower of her youth, England has continued flourishing, and the only alteration has been the substitution of machinery for manual labour."

It was in the same year that he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. The official career thus commenced, and destined to lead to the highest offices of the state, did not linger on its early stages. From an Under-Secretaryship in Downing-street Mr. Peel was promoted, in 1812, to the onerous post of Chief Secretary for Ireland during the Viceroyship of the Duke of Richmond. In this position he soon displayed a singular amount of what Bentham calls "official aptitude." Having detected a great deficiency in the social arrangements of the sister country he brought in a bill, subsequently carried, for establishing the Irish constabulary force—a corps which has since been of the greatest service. The success of this experiment in Ireland subsequently suggested the embodiment of a similar force in this country; and had he done nothing else he would long be remembered, both in England and Ireland, as the originator of our present system of police.

Having changed his constituency from Cashel to Chippenham, he sat for a few years for the latter borough, when a vacancy occurring, in 1817, in the representation of the University of Oxford, upon the elevation of Abbot to the peerage, his Alma Mater paid him the great compliment of electing him to fill the vacancy. Having resigned the Irish secretaryship, he had more leisure for taking a prominent part in the discussions of the English Parliament; and on the 17th of January, 1822, his diligent and talented support of his party was rewarded. Lord Sidmouth having retired on that day, Peel was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department, a post which he held till the advent of Canning, in 1827. When Canning became Premier, Peel and some of his colleagues resigned, but the death of that Minister occurring in August of the same year, caused another change in the position of parties.

On Canning's death, the shortlived administration of Lord Goderich having fallen to pieces, Peel resumed his former office at the Home Department, under the Duke of Wellington, in January 1828. In this year he yielded the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts (so long opposed by Canning), on being outvoted in the House of Commons, and in the year following prepared to concede the claims of the Catholics, which he had resisted during the entire of his previous public life. It was towards the end of January, 1829, that a whisper began to be heard that Ministers intended to recommend Parliament to take into its consideration the subject of the Roman Catholic disabilities; and on the 5th of February it was confirmed by the royal speech on the opening of the session. On the day before the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Peel addressed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in which he admitted that he enjoyed the confidence of the major portion of his constituents on account of his resistance to the Catholic claims; intimating that he intended to resign his seat, and, as he said, "by that painful sacrifice—by the forfeiture of that high distinction which I have prized much more than any other object of ambition, to give at least a decisive proof that I have not taken my present course without the most mature deliberation, and that I have not suffered myself to be influenced by any other motive than that of an overpowering sense of public duty." The surprised and angry university refused to reflect him. His opponent was Sir Robert Harry Inglis, who carried the election by a majority of 146 out of 1364 voters polled; and shortly afterwards Mr. Peel was elected for the borough of Westbury. Describing this memorable contest, Mr. Cooke says in his "History of Party":—

"The enthusiasm of the country clergy was, upon this occasion, extraordinary—knots of old men might be seen in the Convocation-house, many of whom had not visited Oxford for nearly half a century, and who, at immense personal sacrifice, had left their curacies and their livings in remote parts of the kingdom, spending no small portion of their slender stipend to come and vote against the man whom they called the arch-apostate."

On the 5th of March Mr. Peel brought forward the Catholic Emancipation Bill, the interest of which absorbed for the time every other consideration. Strangers assembled in the avenues of the House of Commons as early as ten o'clock in the morning, though the gallery was not opened till six in the evening. In two minutes not a seat was unoccupied, while the lobby was crowded with people anxious to avail themselves of any resignations of places which heat, pressure, or fatigue might occasion. In one of the speeches he made at that time, with the same sense of honour that characterized his conduct many years after, when speaking of his share in repealing the Corn-laws, Mr. Peel refused to accept the merit of having conceded Catholic Emancipation: he said, "The credit belongs to others, and not to me. It belongs to Fox, to Grattan, to Plunket, to the gentlemen opposite (the Whigs), and to an illustrious friend (Mr. Canning), who is now no more. By their efforts, in spite of my opposition, it has proved victorious."

The carrying of Catholic Emancipation utterly alienated the great body of the party with which the Duke and Mr. Peel had hitherto been in such strict alliance, and whose confidence they had hitherto so completely enjoyed. The strongest opponents of the Catholic claims now looked on with indifference at the rising feeling in favour of parliamentary reform; and, though resolutions directed against the existence of "rotten boroughs" were rejected by 401 to 118, at the close of the session of 1829, reform soon became the question of the day. It is needless here to go into the history of the reform movement, the postponement of the King's visit to the City, and the defeat of the Government on Sir Henry Parnell's motion. It is sufficient to say that, on the 16th of November, 1830, the Wellington Administration resigned, and Sir Robert Peel (for he had succeeded to the baronetcy by the death of his father) ceased to be Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then commenced that firm, consistent, but unavailing opposition to the reform movement, which resulted in the carrying of the Reform Bill. Of the speeches made by Sir Robert Peel during the period of this resistance, it may be observed that, although in point of historical interest they yield to those made on Catholic Emancipation, and subsequently on the great question of Free Trade, in point of ability and oratorical power they were not surpassed by any he ever delivered.

And now began a campaign of a new character, in which Sir Robert acted as the universally-recognised leader of the Conservative opposition to the Whigs. A sudden pause took place in this, but it did not last very long. In 1834 Earl Spencer died, Lord Althorp resigned, the Melbourne Ministry was broken up, and the Duke of Wellington was again sent for. Sir Robert Peel was at the time in Italy with his family seeking amusement and the improvement of his health. The duke, by this time, seems to have fully appreciated the value of the absent statesman to the Conservative party, for he despatched at once a messenger to offer Sir Robert the Premiership. The crowning point of his official ambition was gained. He returned to England, formed a Ministry, and dissolved the Parliament. Peel was now to show his quality as a statesman. He had his choice of colleagues, and many favourable circumstances for his great experiment. But "the pear was not ripe," as a very brief trial of the new Ministry proved. The new Parliament assembled on the 9th of February, 1835, and before many weeks it had been beaten on several occasions. On the 8th of April, Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues resigned, and the Whigs returned to power, which they retained until 1839. In a little more than a month after his resignation, Sir Robert Peel, having been invited to a grand banquet in the Merchant Tailors' Hall, delivered one of his most remarkable public speeches, in which he vindicated the course of his government, and expounded the future policy of his party. In the year 1836 he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University in opposition to Sir John, now Lord, Campbell.

Passing over the whole of the period from 1836 to 1839, during which the Whig Government was daily becoming more and more contemptible, while Sir Robert was building up a powerful Conservative party, we have next to record that, in May, 1839, the Whigs having been beaten on the Jamaica Bill, Sir Robert was again sent for, and received the Queen's command to form a Ministry; but on his making it a *sine qua non* that her Majesty should dismiss certain clever stateswomen of her household, relatives of his Whig predecessors, the Queen returned the following answer:—

"Buckingham Palace, May 10, 1839.

"The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel, to remove the Ladies

of her Bedchamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings."

In three hours afterwards Sir Robert tendered his resignation, and Lord Melbourne was again reinstated in office, but not in power. From that period Sir Robert's influence in the country went on progressively, as did also his strength in the House of Commons, as was tested by various important divisions. At last, on the 27th of May, 1841, he moved the question, "Whether the House of Commons still puts its confidence in Lord Melbourne's Government," which, after eight nights' exciting debate, was carried in the negative by a majority of one, viz., against Ministers, 312; in favour, 311; a vote which led to the dissolution of the first Parliament of Queen Victoria, June 22nd, 1841.

The new Parliament assembled on the 19th of August, and on the 24th an amendment to the address to the Throne was moved by Mr. Stuart Wortley, expressive of a total want of confidence in the Administration, which, after four nights' debate, was carried by a majority of 91—viz., Ayes, 360; Noes, 269; and, on the following day, Lord Melbourne went to the Queen at Windsor, and tendered the resignation of himself and his colleagues, which were officially announced to both Houses of Parliament, August 30, on which day her Majesty sent for Sir Robert Peel, and gave him full authority to form an Administration. In the course of the short session Sir Robert Peel resolutely refused to state his measures; he demanded time for their concoction; his powerful party supported him; and, after passing a few necessary and expedient matters, Parliament was prorogued on the 7th of October.

The harvest proved deficient, thus adding another to the series of calamities with which the country had been afflicted since 1836. The distress of the people increased; a general gloom hung over trade and commerce; and the League agitation became every day more widely extended and more threatening.

The session of 1842 opened on the 3rd of February, the public eagerly expecting the revelation of Sir Robert Peel's carefully concealed intentions. On the 9th he brought forward his long-expected and much-dreaded measure for the modification of the corn-law, which was carried by a large majority. His career from this period till he retired was a brilliant one. Entering on office with a revenue declining, and with the pecuniary concerns of the country seemingly in inextricable confusion, Sir Robert Peel obtained an almost unanimous support for his Income-tax measure, accompanied as it was by alterations in the tariff indicative of the liberal commercial policy adopted by the party. Not to weary the reader with details of matters so fresh in the memory of all, we may generally recall the proud position held by Sir Robert Peel during his second administration. It was in this period of his public life that his character developed itself in its full proportions. He was now able to develop his plans, and to prove to the country the advantage it derived from having at the head of affairs one who felt the responsibility due to public opinion. The measure for the total repeal of the Corn-laws was the culminating point of this series of ameliorative measures. The resistance commenced by Lord George Bentinck, and sustained by Mr. Disraeli, led to the dissolution of the Ministry. It was sufficiently obvious that Sir Robert Peel himself felt that the time was come when he should once more resign his power. The Irish Coercion Bill affording the opportunity—as he was then met by an adverse majority, composed of the regular Opposition, and the advocates of protection—he resigned, but not until he had left on record a speech of remarkable power, even for him, in which he vindicated himself to his contemporaries, and provided for posterity and for the future historian an explanation and justification of his measures. After that time Sir Robert Peel occupied the position of moderator in the House of Commons, lending to the Ministers a conscientious support, that they might carry out the new commercial policy. It is a very remarkable fact that the only occasion on which he felt compelled to oppose the Ministry—the late debate on Lord Palmerston's policy—occurred the very night before the accident which caused his untimely end.

Sir Robert Peel was married on the 8th of June, 1820, to Julia, the youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd, and had five sons and two daughters. One son has enjoyed diplomatic employment, a second is in the navy, a third in the Scots Fusilier Guards, a fourth occupies a seat in Parliament. One of his daughters was married in July, 1841, to Viscount Villiers, eldest son of the Earl of Jersey.

TRIBUTES BY THE PRESS.

HIS INFLUENCE AS A STATESMAN.—Few men have had so immense a personal influence upon events, and no one has had an influence so salutary. For, if any statesman can boast so to have anticipated the popular demands and the popular wants of a disturbed and anarchic era as to render revolution impossible, by conferring its benefits and avoiding its evils, that statesman is Sir Robert Peel.—*Daily News*.

THE GREAT PUBLIC LOSS.—Abilities of a very high order, administrative talents seldom equalled, great po-

litical sagacity, and irreproachable private character, combined to place Sir Robert Peel in the first rank of public men. The deplorable accident which has snatched him from the midst of us has left a vacancy among contemporary statesmen which it will not be easy to supply.—*Morning Post.*

SIR ROBERT PEEL AS AN ORATOR.—Sir Robert Peel's speeches were, like himself, practical. Their eloquence consisted in their persuasiveness, in the skill with which the arguments were evolved, and in the illustrations, generally familiar and tangible "to the general." His statements of his case were singularly lucid—built up laboriously, and constructed with precision, so as to make them clear to the least ready capacity. During the later years of his career he had, as it were, to instruct the public in principles and details, more especially on commercial questions; and, of course, there remains much on record which had only a temporary and fleeting interest. Moreover, to impress his purpose on his hearers, he would frequently repeat his arguments; which, though effective in the delivery, was tedious to peruse. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Sir Robert Peel, from the singular fascination of his manner, and the pains he took to adapt himself to the various capacities he had to address, was one of the most persuasive and influential speakers of his time. In fact, his was the eloquence adapted to a popular assembly, which was to be assailed, not merely through the passions or the imagination, but through prejudices, habits of thought, interests not always of the highest order, as well as through reason. Looking at the materials of which his speeches were formed, the winning art of the speaker was the more to be admired. Let us add, that when the ordinary necessities of debate did not compel Sir Robert Peel to descend to the level of the average of his hearers, he could be as lofty and philosophical as the most elaborate orators. His personal vindications at great crises of his life were characterised by a striking dignity, which uniformly commanded respect from the House of Commons. Such a combination of qualities—of wisdom, the fruit of long experience—of caution, and the consequence, not of timidity but of prudence—of boldness, tempered by sagacity—of information, gleaned through a long and laborious public life—of high probity and sensitive honour—of statesmanlike wisdom, not disdaining popular influence and sympathy—of eloquence spontaneously springing from the peculiar wants of his position, and intuitively adapted to the occasions of his exercise—such a rare union of many requisites for a statesman and minister in a popular Government will not soon be seen again in any individual. Nowhere will his loss be more deplored than in that House of Commons where he was accustomed to rule, by the power of his persuasive eloquence, with almost absolute sway.—*Morning Chronicle.*

SUDDEN DEATHS OF EMINENT STATESMEN.—Strange that, on the bloodless field of statesmanship, death should so often come with the suddenness, the violence, and the anguish of war! Chatham fell fighting. His still greater son sank under the news of Austerlitz. Perceval was assassinated on the threshold of the House, his hand filled with papers, and a speech on his tongue. Castlereagh's end was still more awful. Romilly, too, was a statesman as well as a lawyer. Lord Liverpool was struck down in the midst of his duties. Canning fell suddenly while soaring in the pride of his might. Huskisson perished terribly in the midst of his former colleagues. Bentinck aspired to be a statesman, and died in full health, without a moment's warning. But who would have thought that Peel would one day be added to the list? The hero of a hundred fights still survives. All around us we see octogenarian generals and admirals, surviving countless accidents of battle and of flood, and dying at last of slow decay. Sir Robert Peel falls by a sudden casualty, before his strength has begun to fail, or his mind to decline. Did not the thought suggest a murmur at the dispensations of Omnipotence, one might call it a waste of precious power, a mighty soul lost to the world, by the merest trifle—by the silly panic or momentary impatience of a brute. How much had such a man still to do! How many noble thoughts and splendid anticipations to deliver! How many large views carefully elaborated! What treasures of observation, and acquisitions of political lore; nay, what a mighty part he might still have played, had opportunity again invited, or necessity demanded his potent intervention!—*Times.*

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S OPINION OF HENRY HUNT.—Nov. 21, 1819. "Walked with Peel. He asked how I thought we were as to strength in the House? I said, very strong. 'But,' added he, 'shall we have any of the Whigs? They mean, I understand, to rally on the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam?' I said I thought that signified little—that there seemed a great reaction, and the loyal population preponderated ten to one. 'True,' said he, 'but don't you think the public opinion among the lower orders has undergone a change within these few years as to the constitution of Parliament?' Peel thought Hunt a clever fellow. Not so I."—*Life of Plumer Ward.*

AMERICAN EXPLOITS.

The political news received from the United States by the America, which arrived at Liverpool on Sunday, is not of much importance. The principal features of interest in Congress have been the speech of Colonel Benton in the Senate on the Compromise Bill, and a personal scene which occurred in the heat of debate between him and Mr. Clay. Mr. Benton moved the discussion of the bill should be postponed until the 4th of March next, and in support of his motion proceeded to address the Senate with great warmth, and in a tone of vehement sarcasm and denunciation. He objected to mixing up California with the territories, as provided in the bill, and maintained that her admission to the Union should be

made a distinct and independent question. On the 13th, in the course of the debate on the Compromise Bill, Mr. Benton made use of certain offensive epithets towards Mr. Clay, which were sent back by that gentleman with scorn and indignation; a general excitement pervaded the Senate; Mr. Webster expressed his disgust and horror at the occurrence of such scenes; and at length, order being restored by the intervention of the chair, the Senate adjourned until the next day.

The Cuban invasion had lost its interest. The Spanish authorities have wisely resolved upon pursuing a mild policy with regard to those of the invaders who fell into their hands. They have all been released, and will, no doubt, be tried by the tribunals of the United States. The decision thus arrived at has given much satisfaction to the commercial world, and to the supporters of General Taylor's non-intervention policy. The islanders who assisted in repelling the invaders were being liberally and honourably remunerated for their efforts.

The Supreme Court delivered its opinion at Boston on the 18th, on the petition of Professor Webster, for a writ of error. They were unanimous in dismissing the petition, being of opinion that every form necessary to constitute a legal trial had been complied with. The governor and council were in session, but it was not known whether they would consider the case immediately or at the session to be held in the present month.

The fact of riots at Panama (in which some Americans were killed) having been fomented by United States citizens, had brought the matter before the public through the press, and some law has been suggested to meet such cases there and at California, where the adventurers do not confine themselves to friendly relations with neighbouring states.

The papers contain an account of a rencontre which had taken place in one of the public parks in New York, between the tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and the journalist, N. P. Willis, in which the latter gentleman received severe personal injuries. Forrest approached him from behind and knocked him down; he then beat him with a gutta serena whip, until they were separated by the police. Both parties were taken before the police court, and held to bail to keep the peace for six months. The cause of the assault was the course pursued by Mr. Willis in the controversy between Forrest and his wife. Two letters from Willis and Forrest give their respective narratives of the affair:—

"A CARD FROM N. P. WILLIS.

"SIR,—As a statement will appear of an outrage which took place this evening, allow me to state it simply as it happened:—

"While walking in Washington-square, with no suspicion that any one was near me, I was suddenly knocked down, and, while upon the ground, severely beaten. As my whole provocation to this ruffianly assault has been an endeavour to vindicate the honour of the lady (and, of course, equally to show that her husband had not, through her, come to dishonour), public opinion, as far as that reparation can go, will readily see the outrage in its true light. Yours respectfully,

"Monday evening, June 17. N. P. WILLIS."

"A CARD FROM ANDREW STEVENS.

"SIR,—N. P. Willis has made a perverted statement of the affair. After dinner, on the 17th, I walked out with Mr. Forrest and another friend. As is our common practice, we strolled into the Washington Parade Ground, a public and favourite resort. After walking about some fifteen minutes Mr. Willis was observed coming up the walk. Mr. Forrest immediately left us, without saying a word, and moved from the gravel walk upon the raised part above, and allowed Willis to approach, when he (Forrest) stepped quickly in front (not behind, as falsely stated by Mr. Willis) of him, from four to six feet, and stopped, looking at him steadily in the eye, and shaking his fist in Willis's face. Willis made a movement as if to draw a weapon, when Forrest promptly knocked him down with his fist, took away his cane, placed his foot upon his neck, and laid upon his person with a whip or cane at least twenty blows over his back, shoulders, and legs, applied with rapidity and vigour. Many attempted to interfere; but Mr. Forrest proclaimed in a loud tone of voice—'Gentlemen, this is the seducer of my wife; do not interfere.' Willis, in the meanwhile, screaming and exclaiming 'Help, help!—save me, save me!'—'police, police, take him off.' Forrest walked to the police office. He there stated, as well to the magistrate as to Willis, 'I did this act.' 'I told you, sir (to Willis) the last time we met, that if ever you attempted again to interfere with my domestic affairs, I would hold you personally responsible, and I have done so.' Then, turning to the magistrate, he said, 'This is the seducer of my wife, and for that reason I have chastised him.' They were then both bound over to keep the peace, Mr. Forrest being greeted with cheers, after leaving the office, by the assembled crowd. ANDREW STEVENS.

"New York, June 18, 1850."

Governor Ujhazy, the Magyar refugee, and his companions, have fixed on a tract of land in Iowa, on Grand River, some hundred and forty miles southwest of Burlington, and there propose to establish themselves. The place they propose to call Buda, after the capital city of their native country.

A large fire broke out in Columbia on Monday morning, June 17, which burned down an extensive block of buildings, including a newspaper office, and deprived over thirty families of their homes. The total loss is estimated at 50,000 dollars.

From New Orleans we learn that General Lopez had been bound over to appear before the United States Circuit Court, in the sum of 3000 dollars. Several deserters from his expedition had arrived at Campeachy.

From Canada there is no political intelligence of importance. Two dreadful fires had occurred; one on board the steam-ship Griffith, trading between Buffalo and Toledo, which, when within twenty miles of Cleveland, took fire and burned to the water's edge. The mate, who swam ashore and reached Cleveland, reports that only thirty persons were saved. The passengers were mostly emigrants. The number of passengers on board is thus stated, viz., steerage, 256; cabin, 45; crew, 25—total, 326. Not a female or child was saved excepting the barber's wife. The second fire was at Montreal, on the 15th. The church of St. Amis and upwards of 200 houses were consumed.

On the night of May 12 the city of Point Petre, Guadalupe, was fired by the negroes, that being a signal for a general insurrection. However, the negroes did not succeed in entering the city, having been deterred by the prompt measures of the citizens, but sundry overseers' houses were burnt to the ground, and the smoking ruins and destitute families presented a scene difficult to describe. The city has been fired four different times since, by which eighteen houses have been burnt. The governor has put the city in a state of siege, and no citizen is allowed to be out after nine o'clock. Several conspirators have been arrested.

RUSSO-GERMAN DESPOTISM IN POLAND.

The following statements relating to the present condition of Poland are extracts of a private letter recently received from the Polish frontiers: the writer is a man of veracity and intelligence, and full reliance may be placed on his observations. The precise date of the letter we have not given, as that might compromise the writer:—

"* * * Nicholas is again expected at Warsaw, and again a number of princes are to meet there, those of Italy especially and the King of Naples among them. Rumours of various kinds are circulating on that subject, not all equally credible, one point remaining, however, certain, viz., that they will form no congress. Their only object can be to pay a due homage to the chief of European despotism and to receive his orders, rather than to consult together, as formal deliberations would require more time, and would not be successfully conducted without the help of able and special men. Of the movements of troops I shall tell you nothing, they still being extensive and frequent, although the camp assembled at Lowicz has received fresh orders to continue in its present place. All intercourse with foreign countries has been so fearfully obstructed, that the passport of any traveller from Warsaw to the Prussian frontier and back again, requires no less than fourteen different visas.

"In Galicia the talk of an expected division of the province into eastern and western, has subsided. It is even said that the Government has completely given up such design. The price of lands has fallen to a still unheard-of degree, agriculture being extremely low in consequence of a general want of money, and therefore of means for cultivation. A *morg* of the best field can be had at present for 20 to 30 Rhenish florins (£2 to £3). [The *morg* is the unit of land measurement, and is larger than our acre.] Of this the Jews avail themselves, and are busy in acquiring the greatest part of landed property in Galicia. The Government continues to stir up the peasants against the nobility, deeming this to be the best means of keeping the province in subjection. Fortunately, it is not the Government which reaps the fruit of such seeds, as the hatred excited by it against one class of landed proprietors, viz., the Polish nobility, becomes from day to day more general, so that now the villager abhors the German or Jewish landlords even more than the Polish.

"Such a system of stirring up the peasantry against their landlords has become a general feature of German policy. Prussia has adopted it, and is now busily spreading among the peasants of the Grand-Duchy of Posen a pamphlet concocted for that purpose under the title of *The Friend of the Peasants*. Yet the Grand-Duchy offers no ready elements for the success of a similar propaganda, and in spite of all German endeavours the villagers of Prussian-Poland await impatiently the hour when they will again sharpen their scythes against their foreign invaders. The gulf between the Polish and German population grows every day wider and wider, and also the system of German oppression grows every day more vexatious. No German landed proprietor ever admits a Polish peasant into his service, or, except in case of extreme necessity, ever allows him day-work. Meanwhile Polish schools are changed into German, the Polish language is forbidden in them, and for a pretended want of space, no new Polish applicant has for several months been admitted. Instead of opening new schools to remedy the insufficiency of existing ones, or of appropriating sums to that object, the Prussian government refused to the Polish inhabitants the permission to use for the raising of schools those sums which they had themselves collected.

"In consequence of the new government regulation, so

efficiently destructive of any liberty of the press, by which the post was prohibited from lending its use to newspapers, all those which existed in the Grand-Duchy of Posen have ceased to appear. The effect of this restriction on the province will be immense; and as the habit of reading had become general among the population, they will make up for the loss of an indigenous press, by devouring foreign papers. As to the people, who will be deficient of this resource, they will feel sorely annoyed by this privation, as the interest they felt in the reading of newspapers was so intense, that they used to meet together every Sunday after church for that purpose, as well as for the reading aloud of other prints adapted to their intelligence and feelings. Now this latter class of publications will alone be accessible to them, and will therefore produce the greater effect upon their minds.

"As to the general state of public opinion, although, after examining all its different manifestations, I cannot declare it to be altogether satisfactory, still I can perceive no falling back in it, as, if some discouragement is on the one side perceptible among the wealthy classes, among the poorer, on the contrary, there has been created and is increasing firm hope, a sanguine expectation, of some important and unavoidable events. This hope is fast growing into belief and a kind of religious faith, which, although founded on no deducible argumentation, will nevertheless prove persistent, and the more so, as the people are constantly obeying their hearts rather than heads."

GERMAN POLITICS.

The Provisional College of Princes for the Erfurt union meets with greater regularity and order than its opponent in Frankfurt. Since the appointment of this assembly, it has met regularly twice a week, and has despatched some business of an important character. The note issued by the Hanoverian Government, containing a plan for the formation of a North German Customs Union, based on liberal commercial principles, and to consist of Hanover, Oldenburg, Hamburg, and Bremen, has been answered by the Oldenburg Government. The reply is a decided refusal to enter upon the Hanoverian scheme; but, while strongly condemning, it expresses a hope that the Hanoverian Government will favour them with a fuller explanation of its views with respect to the revision of the German constitution.

Letters from Frankfort state that the Assembly of Plenipotentiaries there may be expected to dissolve itself immediately, so great is the confusion and squabbling. The representatives of the two principalities of Hesse refuse to acknowledge the Assembly as the plenum of the old Bundestag, and refrain from signing the protocols of the sittings. Hassenpflug has proposed a directory, as an interim of which the executive is to be in the hands of Prussia and Austria, to the exclusion of the four kingdoms. The representative of the Grand Duchy of Hesse supports Hassenpflug's proposal. The representatives of the smaller states seem to have cordially united for the purpose of defending themselves against the possibility of their being swallowed up by the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg.

From the state of the negotiations with Belgium it appears that the treaty of commerce with that country will not be renewed. Notice was given by this Government on the 8th of June that it would only be renewed on certain conditions, and unless these conditions were accepted by the Belgian Government the treaty would be allowed to expire.

The official edicts against the newspaper press in Prussia continue in full force; and not a day elapses but one or more additional journals are refused circulation through the Post-office. Some of the proscribed papers have resolved upon the discontinuance of their publications on and after certain specified dates.

Advices from Darmstadt mention that a change of Ministry, which had long been expected, has really taken place. The hitherto Prime Minister, Dr. Jaup, has resigned, and his resignation been accepted by the Grand Duke, who has appointed in his stead Baron Dalwigk, hitherto territorial commissioner at Mayence, and acting plenipotentiary of the Grand Duchy at the Frankfurt Congress. The result of this appointment will be the public avowal of Darmstadt to withdraw from the Prussian union.

In consequence of a vote of the Wurtemberg Chamber of Representatives (carried by a majority of 39) to impeach Ministers, the latter have thought it more prudent to resign than to stand their trial; they therefore had an audience of the King and tendered their resignation in a body, which has been accepted, but they are to retain their several portfolios till the formation of a new Ministry.

THE INSURRECTION IN BULGARIA.

The latest accounts from Vienna confirm the previous accounts of an insurrection in Bulgaria. The insurgents attacked the fortress Belgradeicza on the 16th ult., but were repulsed with some loss by the

garrison. On a subsequent attack they appear to have gained possession of the fort. One account says that 40,000 men are under arms. The cause of the insurrection is said by one account to be the discontent of the people, in consequence of the exactions and oppression of the Turkish government officers. Another account ascribes it to Russian machinations. The principal leader is a certain A. Rascha. The chiefs have assembled at Belgradeicza, and have drawn up a statement of the demands. It is said to be very moderate and just. A number of Greek priests are reported to be connected with the movement. The Bulgarians are slaves.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

A Parliamentary paper has been printed, containing a letter addressed to the commissioners of the exhibition of 1851; to the Lords of the Treasury, enclosing a memorandum as to the site of the exhibition building in Hyde-park. The commissioners give their reasons for selecting Hyde-park, and state that the building to be erected will be removed by the 1st of November. The area of Hyde-park is 387 acres; Kensington-gardens, 290; Regent's-park, 403; St. James's-park, 83; Green-park, 71; Victoria-park, 160; Greenwich-park, 174; making a total of 1568 acres; while only twenty acres are proposed to be taken for the purposes of this exhibition. The commissioners add, that the possibility that the bringing the exhibition into Hyde-park should be considered as an interference with the enjoyment of that park by the public has never entered their minds. They have, on the contrary, always intended it as a means of recreation and intellectual enjoyment for the greatest portion of her Majesty's subjects, and they have hitherto had reason to believe that it has been so regarded by the country in general.

THE KOH-I-NOOR, OR MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

After symbolizing the revolutions of ten generations by its passage from one conqueror to another, the celebrated Koh-i-noor, the great diamond of the East, comes now, in the third centenary of its discovery, as the forfeit of oriental faithlessness and the prize of Saxon valour, to the distant shores of England. In the steam sloop Medea, which arrived at Portsmouth the other day, came Major Mackeson, to whose care has been entrusted the custody of the Mountain of Light, as the hyperbolic Asiatics have chosen to call it. The Times tells its history.

It was in the year 1550, before the Mogul dynasty had been established by the prowess of the great Akbar, that this marvellous stone was first brought to light in the celebrated mines of Golconda. The diamond mines which have rendered that kingdom so famous in story were situated at some distance to the east of the capital city, near the present station of Condapilly, and are now in our possession, though they have long ceased to reward or invite the labours of treasure-seekers. A few years after its discovery it passed from Golconda to Delhi, having become the property of Shah Jehan, the father of the great Aurangzeb.

While the kingdoms of the Deccan were successively absorbed in the culminating dominion of the Moguls, the Koh-i-noor rested among the treasures of Imperial Delhi, where on the 2nd of November, 1665, it was seen by the French traveller, Tavernier, who, by the extraordinary indulgence of Aurangzeb, was permitted to handle, examine, and weigh it, being the first, and till now, probably, the last European who had ever enjoyed such a privilege. The Great Mogul sate on his throne of State, while the chief keeper of the jewels produced his treasures for inspection on two golden dishes. The magnificence of the collection was indescribable, but conspicuous in lustre, esteem, and value was the Koh-i-noor. Sometimes worn on the persons of the moguls, sometimes adorning the famous peacock throne, this inestimable gem was safely preserved at Delhi until, in 1739, the empire received its fatal blow from the invasion of Nadir Shah. Among the spoils of conquest which the Persian warrior carried back with him in triumph to Khorassan, and which have been variously estimated as worth from thirty to ninety millions sterling, the Koh-i-noor was the most precious trophy. From Persia it was carried off with many other valuable spoils by Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Durranee empire in Cabul, where it remained till the beginning of the present century. In the year 1800, Shah Shuja having ascended the throne of his brother, whom he put in prison, found that the most precious ornament of the treasury of Cabul had been purloined. A diligent search was made, and at last the Mountain of Light was discovered, secreted in the wall of his brother Zemaun Shah's prison. It was eight years after this, while the Durranee monarchy was still formidable enough to inspire the Powers of the East with uneasiness, that Mr. Elphinstone, accredited by Lord Minto to the Afghan prince, betook himself to what was then the remote and unknown town of Peshawur, where, at his state reception, the Koh-i-noor again flashed, after an interval of so many years, upon the dazzled eyes of a

European. Shah Shuja, afterwards the client and pensioner of the East India Company, was dressed on this occasion in a green velvet tunic, fitting closely to his body, and seamed with gold and precious stones. On his breast was a cuirass of diamonds shaped like two flattened fleurs-de-lis, and in a bracelet on his right arm blazed the priceless jewel of Golconda. The prince gave a gracious audience to the ambassador, and Mr. Elphinstone retired. But the Koh-i-noor was not destined to remain much longer in the Cabul. Runjeet Singh soon after became its possessor, and it was from the treasury of Lahore that it came into our possession.

Excepting the somewhat doubtful claims of the Brazilian stone among the Crown jewels of Portugal, the Koh-i-noor is the largest known diamond in the world. When first given to Shah Jehan it was still uncut, weighing, it is said, in that rough state, nearly 800 carats, which were reduced by the unskilfulness of the artist, to 279, its present weight. It was cut by Hortensio Borgis, a Venetian, who, instead of receiving a remuneration for his labour, was fined 10,000 rupees for his wastefulness by the enraged Mogul. In form it is "rose-cut"—that is to say, it is cut to a point in a series of small faces, or "facets," without any tabular surface. A good general idea may be formed of its shape and size by conceiving it as the pointed half of a small hen's egg, though it is said not to have risen more than half an inch from the gold setting in which it was worn by Runjeet. Its value is scarcely computable, though two millions sterling has been mentioned as a justifiable price if calculated by the scale employed in the trade. The Pitt diamond brought over from Madras by the grandfather of Lord Chatham, and sold to the Regent Orleans in 1717 for £125,000, weighs scarcely 130 carats; nor does the great diamond which supports the Eagle on the summit of the Russian sceptre weigh as much as 200. Such is the extraordinary jewel which in virtue of conquest and sovereignty has passed into the possession of England. It was prudently secured among the few remaining valuables of the Lahore Treasury at the commencement of the last insurrection, and, although even its nominal value would be an inadequate compensation for the cost of the Sikh wars, the people of India will, no doubt, look upon its acquisition as a fitting symbol of that supremacy which we have won.

THE SCOTTISH FETE.

The second annual "gathering" of the members of the Highland and Scottish Societies in Lord Holland's beautiful park, at Notting-hill, on Monday and Tuesday, was successful enough to lead to the expectation that it will henceforth be an established annual spectacle. The general character of the programme was much the same as that of last year.

The manly outdoor sports peculiar to Scotland formed a conspicuous feature in the proceedings, and these, combined with the showy effect of the Celtic garb, gave to the whole spectacle a peculiar claim to the nationality of title which it assumes. There was, however, no exclusive spirit evinced in the management of the fête. Archery prizes to a large amount were thrown open to competitors from all parts of the united kingdom, and the gallantry of the committee of management provided gold bracelets and brooches to be shot for by ladies. The display in fencing, also, though principally devoted to illustrate the value of that trusty Scottish weapon, the broadsword, was open to general competition, and an interesting addition was made to the programme of last season in the shape of wrestling. All the prizes in the other sports exhibited were contended for in the Highland dress by men who had carried off the honours at the local meetings and gatherings held during autumn in the North. These sports and pastimes included tossing the caber, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, bagpipe music, fiddling, running, and strathspey and reel dancing.

The gates of the park were opened at twelve o'clock on Monday, and in the course of a short time the outer circle of the ring which marked the scene of action was thronged with people; whilst the members of the different societies, with the chiefs of the different clans, all attired in Highland costume, were collected together in the open space fronting the stands. The time appointed for the commencement of the sports was one o'clock, and by that time the greater portion of the seats reserved in the various stands were occupied. The weather was not quite so favourable as could have been wished, and the consequence was that, in numerous instances, umbrellas, great coats, and winter shawls were displayed in a most unpromising and dispiriting manner. There was very little rain throughout the day, but the clouds wore a most threatening aspect; and the endeavours which the sun made to "shine out" proved only partially successful. The scene, however, was one of a most animating description, and the varied colours of the Highland dresses as displayed on the rich and undulating greensward formed a picture well calculated to excite attention.

The most striking change in the programme of 1850 was with reference to the archery.

Last year this part of the exhibition was an acknow-

ledged failure. The twanging of bowstrings and the dull thump of the arrows as they plunged into the targets amused only for a short time. Even the movements of the archers, as they grew monotonous, and some way or other people seemed to have an uneasy feeling that by possibility a mistake might be made. Missiles of all kinds are apt to deviate from their intended route, and the arrow has a peculiar facility for going astray. The quivers sported at Holland-park, it is true, were not furnished so formally as those which figured at Cressy or Agincourt; but, nevertheless, a light summer paletot or a silk dress are things easily penetrated, and there are few people who like to be treated as a "butt." Such being the experience of last year's fete in archery, the Committee of Management this season prudently curtailed that part of the exhibition, or, more accurately speaking, they so arranged that it was all over before the other games commenced. Among those who exhibited their skill in archery were three ladies who contended stoutly for the gold bracelets already alluded to. Most of the archers wore Lincoln green, and their costume agreeably diversified the effect of the blue bonnets and waving tarts.

To the archery succeeded the sword dance, performed with great spirit and grace. Then commenced that characteristic game called "throwing the hammer." In the Highlands the hammer is used, as the name implies; but of late years, instead of that implement, a ball of iron with a long wooden shaft attached to it has been introduced at the principal competitions. Nine Highlanders entered their names as candidates for the prize in throwing the light hammer, the weight of which is 14lb. Their style of play possessed great variety. Some stood still, and with one or two swings of the hammer hurled it forward through the hair. Others, whirling round with it in their extended hands, let it shoot suddenly off when they had reached the prescribed point for doing so. One enormous man, whose rugged features and shaggy red hair recalled the picture of Rob Roy, used one hand only in the process, yet nevertheless the hammer flew from his grasp with perfect precision to a great distance. After the throwing of the light hammer came dancing and a foot race. The former appeared to give special pleasure to the spectators, the shouting, the snapping of fingers, and the rapid steps and evolutions of the kilted performers being something quite out of the usual practice of the terpsichorean art in England. The foot race will hardly bear comparison with what the sporting community in the south are accustomed to. Running on the smooth lawn of a nobleman's park in the immediate neighbourhood of London, the competitors had no steep brakes, or tangled heather, to test the certainty of their footing or the strength of their lungs. There were seven of them, all in kilts, and on the occasion their brogues and coats were thrown aside, and they ran, some in their hose and others barefoot. The distance was nearly 1400 yards, and it was gone over in two minutes forty-three seconds by the winner, Charles Gow. The next game exhibited was what is called "tossing the caber." The trunk of a tree is raised upon its thin end by the player, who having poised it exerting all his strength, endeavours to toss it so as to describe a somersault. If he fails, a piece is sawn off till the caber is turned over by some one who is declared the winner.

The scene which the park presented about four o'clock was exceedingly animated and picturesque. Within the enclosed space where the sports were going on had assembled a goodly muster of well-dressed Highland gentlemen and chiefs—Cluny Macpherson, head of the clan Chattan, presided over the proceedings. The leading representatives of the McKenzies were present—Sir James McKenzie, of Seatwell; Sir Evan McKenzie, of Kileo; Stewart McKenzie, of Seaforth; and Mr. Charles McKenzie, of Scotsburn. Conspicuous among the throng was Rousaleyn Gordon Cumming, the daring traveller, whose recent hunting exploits in Central Africa have attracted so much attention. Within the enclosed space on either side were arranged the boys of the Caledonian Asylum and the Duke of York's School. Pipers arrayed in all the splendour of silver ornament struck up at intervals "the war notes" of the clans, or some well-known dance-inspiring strathspey. Occasionally, a military band, which was in attendance, contributed its quota to the general amusement. The spacious stands erected to the north of the grounds were thronged with ladies, and all round the enclosed space where the games were celebrated was gathered an assemblage of curious and interested spectators. It was just at this time that the Marquis of Breadalbane arrived, and shortly afterwards it became known that the Queen was about to honour Holland-park with a visit. The Highlanders were at once formed by Cluny into a body guard, and every preparation was made to give her Majesty a loyal reception. In the meantime the games were suspended, and, to kill time, two men of the Scotch Fusiliers (one named Chalmers, and coming from the north side of the Tweed; the other named Edgar, a native of Cumberland) exhibited their skill in wrestling. Just as this exhibition finished the royal cortège entered the grounds. The band played "God save the Queen," and Angus Mackay, her Majesty's piper, struck up, "Fleum Fein an Gleann"—"The Glen is my own." The body guards saluted, and the great mass of spectators, standing up, testified by loud cheers, and by the waving of hats, blue bonnets, and handkerchiefs, their loyalty and respect for their Sovereign. Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Prince of Prussia, occupied the same carriage as her Majesty. In another, which followed, were Viscountess Jocelyn and Lady Canning. The horses having been disengaged from the carriage the games were immediately resumed under the superintendence of the Marquis of Breadalbane, who appeared to receive her Majesty's commands as to what she wished to see performed. The first thing exhibited was dancing, with which the royal party appeared greatly pleased. To this succeeded throwing the hammer. The exhibition of

wrestling was again repeated by the same performers, and excited much interest among the royal visitors. Then came what must be regarded as the most remarkable feature of the day's proceedings, viz., a trial of skill between M. Leon Gillemand, French fencing master, armed with the broadsword and target, and Bombardier Kelly, armed with the bayonet. M. Gillemand hit his adversary four times running, and there can be no doubt that the one hit counted against him ought not to have been allowed. At the close of this bout singletick practice took place, and a repetition of tossing the caber. "Putting the light stone" followed, and last of all, during the stay of the royal party, a second and very well-contested footrace. Her Majesty having remained more than an hour an evidently pleased spectator of the games took her departure about half-past six o'clock. In the evening a grand banquet was given by Lord Holland to the inhabitants of Kensington, and there was afterwards a grand ball, the evening concluding with the national anthem, in which all the guests very heartily joined.

The sports on Tuesday were much the same as those of the previous day, and all went off with much enthusiasm. The only drawback was the absence of the Queen and Prince Albert, who were anxiously expected in the afternoon, but did not make their appearance as had been anticipated.

THE SUNDAY POST STOPPAGE.

The number of cases in which the stoppage of the mail on Sundays has already worked injuriously is beyond calculation. A contemporary mentions one instance of a working man who, on Monday, received a letter from Berwick, stating that his mother had died on the preceding Friday, and requesting his attendance on Sunday or Monday morning; the letter could not be posted in time for Saturday's mail, and there being no Sunday conveyance of letters, it came too late to be of service; the bereaved son, therefore, did not reach Berwick till his mother's funeral was over.

Another case was that of a prisoner in Chester Castle, who was committed to Chester Castle by the magistrates of that city on the 8th of May, under sentence of two months' imprisonment. A strong representation reached the Home-office last week regarding his illness. There was not a moment to be lost in order to save the wretched man, if possible, from dying in prison; and yet the necessary order could not be despatched by the ordinary post for the purpose of procuring his immediate release. If sent by post on Saturday evening, it would have been delayed to the extent of twenty-four hours before it could reach its destination; in consequence of which this necessary order had to be despatched in the shape of a parcel, at an increased expense to the public, in order to be in time, if possible, to be of use.

But the most conclusive instance we have yet seen of the evil working of the new system is that furnished by a correspondent of the *Times*, who subscribes himself "A Christian Gentleman." We cannot do better than give the story in his own words:—

"I am attorney for the defendant in an action in the Exchequer, which I thought could not be reached till Tuesday, and therefore I had made arrangements for my witnesses to be in town on that day. In consequence of Baron Parke trying yesterday and causes being settled, my cause appeared yesterday, at five o'clock, in the list for to-morrow. One of my witnesses lives fourteen miles below Salisbury, the other near Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire. I have despatched both my clerks this morning for them, as no letters can reach them. Now let us look at the practical result. My charges, if the post continued, would have been—

Writing in duplicate two letters to each, and postage 10s. 4d.

My charges must now be as follows:—

Clerk to Salisbury—	
Cab-hire to South-Western Railway	£0 1 0
Fare to Salisbury and back of clerk	1 2 8
Gig-hire fourteen miles there and back, driver and gates	1 10 0
Cab-hire back	0 1 0
Expenses on the road	0 7 0
Clerk's allowance—out all night, can only return by mail train	1 0 0
Clerk to Stow-on-the-Wold—	
Omnibus and cab-hire from Camberwell to Great Western Railway	0 2 6
Return ticket—Oxford	0 15 0
Gig-hire to Stow (twenty-eight miles) and back, gates and drivers	3 0 0
Expenses on road	0 7 0
Clerk's allowance, out all night	1 0 0
Cab-hire back from mail-train to Camberwell	0 6 0

£9 12 2

"I myself am just starting for the Eastern Counties Railway to go down to the defendant's brother, who is a witness, and procure his attendance. *En route* to the Eastern Counties I shall post this to you, and I shall take down with me a letter disguised as a parcel to the defendant himself, who lives lower down the line, to apprise him of what has occurred, and bribe the guard to get it delivered. Now, I simply ask, can the practical folly of this Sunday-post prohibition be more strongly illustrated than by an instance like this? Sunday labour is thus increased tenfold, to say nothing of the frightful expense you entail, and the frauds on the Post-office Acts which must, without number, be perpetrated. One of my clerks, who has a brother in the Post-office, was a strict Sabbatarian—he is cured; and the defendant, who is

rather inclined to the saints, as he most probably will lose the action, will, I warrant, be cured when he receives my bill."

We understand that the South-Western Railway take the newspapers to the country and deliver them at the stations to the parties addressed, for the charge of 1d. each. Other railways will, of course, imitate the example, and thus, to save one postman in each town an hour's labour, scores, perhaps hundreds, of individuals will be kept from going to church or chapel.

A deputation of London weekly newspaper proprietors waited upon the Postmaster-General, at his residence, Carlton-house-terrace, on Tuesday, for the purpose of inducing the Government to rescind the new Post Office regulation prohibiting the delivery of newspapers in the provinces on Sundays. The Marquis of Clanricarde said there were obviously very serious objections to the Crown and the Executive Government being put forward as opposing the wishes of the people, expressed through their representatives in a matter touching strong religious feelings. But a counter-motion on the subject stood for an early day, and, of course, if the House of Commons then chose to reverse its decision, he individually, and he took it all the other members of the Government, would agree that the original arrangement should be at once reverted to.

CONJUGAL DISCORD.

The Irish papers contain a report of a singular trial which took place at Skibbereen Petty Sessions last week, in which the Honourable Cecil Lawless, M.P., was prosecutor, and Major Clerke, late of the 77th Regiment, defendant. So far as can be gathered from the confused report, it appears that Major Clerke had quarrelled with his wife some time ago, and that they were living separately. Last March, the Honourable Cecil Lawless, having heard as he himself states, of Mrs. Clerke's ill-treatment by her husband, consulted with his wife and mother-in-law, and, as the result of their advice apparently, wrote a note to Mrs. Clerke, offering her an asylum in his house. She does not appear to have accepted his kind offer, but Mr. Lawless continued to pay her very constant attention, if one may judge from the following letters, out of which the Skibbereen prosecution partly arose:—

"Skibbereen, June 15, 1850.

"Major William Clerke presents his compliments to the Honourable Mrs. Lawless, and begs she will acquaint the vile and cowardly scoundrel to whom she has the misfortune to be allied, that it was only his rapid flight from town that he was indebted for escaping the dog-whip of Major Clerke's servant last night, and that it was fortunate for Mr. Lawless that the Major did not at first recognise his person when let out near midnight from the lodgings of the woman whom Major Clerke is as yet compelled to call his wife."

"Skibbereen, June 18, 1850.

"Ma'am.—With reference to a letter addressed by me to you on the 15th inst., for the information of your husband, connected with his undue intimacy with Mrs. Clerke, in public and private, whatever may be the conduct of Mr. Lawless in first so deeply injuring me, and then placing his personal safety under the protection of the law, I have the honour to say, subsequent and cool reflection has shown me that I was wrong to address that letter to you, the object of my perfect respect, and that nothing but the exasperated feelings of an outraged husband, after what had occurred the preceding night, would have caused me to incur the possibility of doing ought to pain you; and yet that occurrence, so deeply painful to me, has been represented to you as an 'attack upon my wife,' as appears by your note of invitation to Mrs. Clerke, which has been hawked about Skibbereen. I feel assured, Madam, from what I hear of you, that your kindness and consideration would make allowance for my position. I pray you then to accept this my apology to yourself alone, as I deeply regret that I have caused a moment's annoyance to a lady. As to my wife's statement of ill-treatment during the twenty-four hours she remained with her husband and child, be assured that your mind shall soon be disabused as to that flagrant misrepresentation.

"I have the honour to be, Madam, your obedient servant,
WM. CLERKE, Major, unattached.

"The Hon. Mrs. Lawless, Glandore."

From the cross-examination of Mr. Lawless it turned out that he had been in the habit of visiting Mrs. Clerke at all hours, up to nearly midnight, and also that he had corresponded with her frequently while in London, attending his Parliamentary duties.

It was contended, on behalf of Major Clerke, that no offence in point of law had been committed, as the letters conveyed no challenge. The magistrates, however, decided upon sending the case to the assizes, and holding Major Clerke in bail to appear to take his trial, himself in £50, and two sureties in £25 each.

A labouring man, named William Collins, living somewhere about Edgeware-road, went home drunk on Saturday evening, and, as usual, began to abuse his wife, to whom he has been married five years. She became angry, and flung a spoon at him, upon which he lifted a heavy piece of wood and broke her left arm and seriously injured the right one. The man was apprehended, and, on Monday, was brought before the magistrate at Marylebone, when the poor woman, with great reluctance, gave evidence against her brute of a husband, who denied that he had broken her arm. The woman was not desirous that her husband should be punished; her

only wish was that he would leave her, and never came near her again. The prisoner was remanded for a week.

The final examination of Mr. Page, a master bricklayer, and Mary Clarke, for bigamy, took place at Lambeth Police Office, on Monday. The court was crowded to suffocation by persons anxious to hear the evidence. The only new facts elicited were those establishing the fact of Page's having married first a woman named Ellen Regan, sixteen years ago, and next Mrs. Clarke, under the name of Emma Smith, on the 10th of February, 1848. The first wife he separated from after several years on account of her ill behaviour; nothing was said as to whether she was still alive or not. Both prisoners, Henry Page and Mary Clarke, were committed for trial.

GEORGE BIDDER OUT-FIGURED.

In a report of the proceedings at a recent meeting of the members of the Institute of Actuaries, given in the *Post Magazine*, the following account is furnished of a German, at present resident in London, whose calculating powers seem to out rival those of the celebrated George Bidder:—

"The remainder of the evening was occupied by the appearance of a German gentleman, named Daze, whose extraordinary talents for calculation, and the facility with which he performs the most tedious arithmetical operations, and answers the questions with equal ease, either verbally or in writing, are so remarkable, as to elicit the wonder and admiration of every one who hears or sees him. His answers are given with almost the same rapidity that the listener can write down the result, allowing nothing for the time spent in computing. The first question asked him was the product of a number, consisting of five figures, by another number of five figures, and the correct answer was given almost instantaneously. His friend, who acted as interpreter for him, stated that he had the most singular power of telling at a glance a great number of objects thrown upon the table—as, for instance, the total number of marks on dominoes, even to 100 or more. To test this quality the balloting balls, which had just been used for the admission of new members, were thrown from the box loose upon the table, and Herr Daze, after taking a single glance, and then turning away, declared the total number to be sixty-eight, which proved to be correct when the balls were counted and returned to the box. It should be remarked in this case that some were lying much nearer together than others, and that they would appear to an ordinary spectator to be so confused as to puzzle even an experienced calculator how to avoid reckoning some of them twice. He then gave the product of two numbers to twelve figures, multiplied it by seven, and repeated the latter product backwards without an error in any figure. He was then asked the cube of 457, which was correctly given, 95,443,993, almost instantaneously. He will divide a number by another, consisting of two or three figures, and will write down the answer at once, in one line, without any apparent intermediate process. In as rapid a manner he gave the factors to 7421, namely, 41.181; but it would take up too much time to state all the surprising proofs of this singular gift of calculation. We may merely mention, as one instance, that he multiplied a number, consisting of twelve figures, by another number of twelve figures, and gave the product correct in one minute and three quarters.

A MANIAC INCENDIARY.

A young man, aged twenty, very respectably dressed, but who refused to give his name, was brought up at Guildhall, on Wednesday, charged with making use of seditious language at the Queen Victoria public-house in King-street, Smithfield. Police constable Webb, of the detective force, stated that, in consequence of information he had received, he went to the Victoria public-house on the previous day, where he saw the prisoner; and, having adjourned to a private room, had some conversation with him, in the course of which he described himself as "a determined Chartist, and a physical-force man." He also explained to him a short and easy method, as laid down in the following insane letter, of extirpating the aristocracy:—

"Sir,—In Kensington-gardens, of a Tuesday and Friday evening, about six o'clock, nearly the whole of the aristocracy in town are congregated to hear the band play. A great number seat themselves under the trees near the band, but a greater portion promenade upon the gravel-walk. They are so crowded together that the dresses of the ladies, which are of the lightest materials, touch one another; therefore, if we could set fire to one of the girls' dresses, the flames would immediately extend over the whole.

"The scheme is this:—Go to the Gardens some very fine Tuesday or Friday evening, and take with you a piece of paper steeped in turpentine, a few matches, and some cigars. Screw one end of the paper in the form of a cigar-light, light it with a match, and, after lighting a cigar, drop the blazing paper upon a muslin dress, which it will immediately set fire to. The girl would instantly rush into the crowd, and in the confusion, all the people running together, they would push the persons near the girl against her; and the ladies' dresses being all in motion, the flames would rapidly extend to a great number. The people could not easily escape, as there are so many chairs and stools about, they would fall over them. You could easily escape in the confusion; and it would be advisable to turn penny-a-liner, and report the matter to the newspapers as an accident, for which you would get a good sum, and as it would allay any suspicion that might otherwise arise. You would have the satisfaction of grilling the greater portion of old Satan's representatives, besides saving him some trouble by sending them to their final residence hall-roasted.

"If you could succeed in getting a light dress fairly on fire, success would be almost certain, as persons on fire, especially ladies, naturally rush to anybody near at hand.

"If you do not like this scheme, I am acquainted with some others, one of which is to set the Opera-house on fire on a grand night, in such a manner as to cut off the retreat of the audience; but this would require three or four persons.—Yours &c.,
"Addressed to a determined Chartist."

On being questioned whether he had any more such

letters about him, he produced another, which was read in court, and which he admitted to be his:—

"June 29.
"Sir,—Are you a determined Chartist? If so, and you would not mind risking your life in assisting your party, I am acquainted with a scheme whereby you might do so by settling the greater portion of the aristocracy now in London.
"Although I do not belong to your party, yet the aristocracy have so misbehaved themselves to me that I should like to start 500 of them on their infernal journey.

"If you would not like to undertake the business yourself, can you inform me of a person who would? I want a cool, determined fellow, who does not mind running some risk.
"Yours, &c., "A. B."

Webb then asked him if he was determined to carry his plan into execution, and he answered that he certainly was, and he added that he thought no more of taking a man's life than he did of spitting. He was then taken into custody, and on his name being demanded at the police station he said he would rather be hung at Newgate than say who he was. On searching him, a piece of paper containing the following instructions was found in his pocket:—

"INSTRUCTIONS TO PERSONS ABOUT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.
"You may as well be hanged as drown yourself. Break head of relieving officer. If none at hand, practise on that of a policeman. (Note.—Operatives with starving families cannot get relief.)

"Attend at Belgrave-square or Eaton-square about twelve at noon; when a lady is passing from her mansion into her carriage, settle her with a crack of a live-preserver. If you killed a duchess it would be as good as a life insurance for your family. (Note.—Spitalfields weaver is on 3s. 6d. per week.)

"Fasten a cork on the head of a long bodkin—attend at Regent-street, about three, p.m., and as a lady is passing from her carriage into a silk-mercer's thrust the bodkin into her temples and you will kill her 'instantly.' If you had the luck to stick a countess you would do more for the distressed needlewomen than all the societies and public speeches have ever done. You would very likely escape being hanged on the ground of insanity, and if so be comfortably provided for for the rest of your life. (Note.—Distressed needlewoman on sleep wages.)

"Attend at Tattersall's and shoot the first jockey you see. (Note.—Ruined by betting on horseracing.)

"Kill some person of that class which has driven you to desperation; if you are hanged for so doing you will depart to the future state easier and more respectably than if you had drowned yourself, besides being of some use to society in your death. (Note.—All persons about to commit suicide.)

A second piece of paper found on the prisoner had written on it the following:—

"National-hall, Holborn—meeting-house, bottom of Holborn-hill, up yard—Sons of Fustell—Bonner's-fields, Cottages near there—Chartist leaders—French Republicans in London; query, get one to come over from Paris."

The prisoner, who during the examination was smiling at everything that was said by the witnesses, when called on for his defence handed in the following paper:—

"July 3.
"I merely explained how an unlawful act might be committed, but did not incite the person to commit it, and expressly stated I should not do it myself. This is no legal offence. To save trouble I admit the papers are in my handwriting, but decline to state who I am. Should it be necessary to bear any punishment I am quite ready to do so, even to the sacrifice of my life upon political principles."

Mr. Alderman Finnis decided on remanding him till yesterday, in order to afford Webb, the officer, time to learn more concerning him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen held a court on Saturday afternoon, at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of addresses to congratulate her Majesty on the birth of a Prince. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London arrived at the Palace at three o'clock, accompanied by Aldermen Sir Peter Laurie, Sir James Duke, Sir George Carroll, a number of other aldermen, and about ninety common councillors, with most of the officers of the corporation, all in their respective costumes. The mace and the sword of the City were borne before the Lord Mayor, as emblems of his great authority. On the other hand the Queen was conducted to the throne with all the state pageantry common on such occasions, and, being seated, the Lord Mayor and Corporation were conducted into the royal presence, when the Mayor, kneeling, presented the address, to which she returned a gracious answer. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a deputation from the corporation, was then introduced, and presented an address of congratulation also. In the evening the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Prussia went to the Royal Italian Opera-house.

The Queen gave a concert on Monday evening, at Buckingham Palace, to which the Royal Family, the diplomatic corps, and between three and four hundred of the nobility and gentry were invited.

The Queen and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, went to the Scottish fete at Lord Holland's park, at Notting-hill, on Monday afternoon. Her Majesty and the Royal party, after having remained a considerable time witnessing the Highland games, paid a visit to Lord Holland at Holland-house.

The Prince of Prussia occupied the Queen's box at the Italian Opera-house on Tuesday evening. In addition to the royal box orders had been given to prepare the box adjoining for the use of her Majesty's party on that evening; but in consequence of the alarming illness of Sir Robert Peel her Majesty's carriages, which had been in waiting at the Palace, were countermanded, and the Prince of Prussia alone visited the opera.

The Queen held her first and only levee (the two preceding ones having been held by Prince Albert) on Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock, at St. James's Palace. Her Majesty, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and attended by her suite, arrived shortly before two, escorted by a party of the 2d Life Guards. Her Majesty looked as well as usual, and was

repeatedly cheered. The levee was attended by the whole of the foreign corps diplomatique, the Ministers and great officers of state, and a vast number of the nobility and gentry, and military and naval officers.

On Thursday afternoon the Queen and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Prussia, went in an open barouche and four, to Dulwich College, and inspected the gallery of paintings.

The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by a numerous suite, is at present in Frankfort, where the spacious apartments of the first floor of the "Hotel d'Angleterre," on the Rossmarkt, have been specially furnished and fitted up for her reception. She will remain there a fortnight, and then proceed to Soden, one of the numerous little bathing places at the foot of the Taunus mountains, about ten English miles from Frankfort.

At the levee on Wednesday the chairman and deputy-chairman of the East India Company were received at a special audience, for the purpose of presenting to her Majesty the famous Koh-i-Noor diamond, brought home by Colonel Mackeson.

Louis Philippe, we are gratified to learn, is fast improving in health, and is able to take out-door exercise daily.—*Brighton Gazette*.

The Duke of Wellington is expected to visit Yester-house, Haddingtonshire, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, in the course of the autumn. He will probably be accompanied by the Marchioness of Douro, his daughter-in-law.—*Edinburgh Paper*.

Some of the papers stated that M. and Madame Dronyn de Luys were present at the Queen's ball. This was a mistake. The French Ambassador did not return to London till last Monday.

A diplomatic dinner was given at the Elysée last week in honour of the reconciliation of the French and English Cabinets, at which Lord Normanby and General Labitte were present.

The members of the Reform Club have determined to invite Lord Palmerston to a dinner at the club on such a day as may be most convenient to his lordship, as a testimony of their respect for his character and their approbation of his policy. The requisition was commenced on the evening of Friday, before the division, and was immediately signed by nearly 100 members. The banquet will be held in the largest building suited to the purpose that can be found in London. At present the intention is to give the entertainment in Drury-lane Theatre, where tables may be laid for 1100 or 1200 persons.

In anticipation of a general election, we hear that a requisition is handing about among the Liberals of Leeds for signature to invite Lord Palmerston to become a candidate for the representation of this borough in the new Parliament.—*Leeds Intelligence*.

Now that the harassing Greek affair has been settled, French and English diplomatists are able to take a little relaxation. The *Post* announces the arrival in town of the Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby from the British Embassy at Paris. The Hon. Richard Edwards is acting as Chargé d'Affaires during his lordship's absence.

Mr. Gladstone is said to have been formally installed as the protectionist leader in the House of Commons, after shaking hands with Mr. Disraeli, who consents to act under him, as his second.

Sir Launcelot Shadwell is convalescent, and it is now probable that he will be able to resume his public duties before the vacation.

Garibaldi sailed, on Thursday week, from Liverpool, in the packet-ship Waterloo, for New York, leaving on the minds of all who had the pleasure of meeting him a very favourable impression.

Mr. Robert Dillon Browne, M.P. for the county of Mayo, died suddenly on Monday. Up to Sunday evening he seemed to enjoy perfect health. The attack which caused his death was so rapid that he expired next morning about ten o'clock. By this event a vacancy has occurred in the representation of the county of Mayo.

Messrs. William Forster, Josiah Forster, and Pan-Bevan, three members of the Society of Friends in England, waited on the President a few days since at the Elysée for the purpose of presenting him with an address from the yearly meeting of that body on the abolition of slavery and the slave trade. The deputation was very courteously received, and the President entered with much apparent cordiality into the subject matter of the address. Mr. Forster has recently presented a copy of the same address to most of the sovereigns of Europe.

It is not generally known that when Government proposed a pension to the widow of Lieutenant Waghorn, of £25 per annum, the burst of indignation expressed by the press at the offered insult, compelled the Privy Council to increase the amount to £40 a year. In addition to this, we are glad to learn that the East India Company have handsomely granted Mrs. Waghorn a pension of £50 per annum, "in consideration of the unwearied exertions of her late husband in advancing the interests of commerce throughout the whole world," but more particularly the British possessions in the East.

Mr. Gibson, the eminent sculptor, has received an order for a colossal group, in marble, of figures of her Majesty, supported on either side by Justice and Clemency. The figure of the Queen will be ten feet in height, the side figures eight feet. This group will occupy a place in the new Houses of Parliament.

The following lines have been inscribed upon a stone recently placed by the Earl of Ellesmere over the grave of Addison in Westminster Abbey. The lines are by Tickell. The Montague alluded to was Charles first Earl of Halifax:—

"ADDISON.
"N'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague.
"Born 1672.—Died 1719.
"Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere, P.C. 1849."

Reports are in circulation, both in Berlin and Vienna, that the Emperor of Russia intends, on the 1st of December next, to abdicate in favour of his son, the Hereditary Grand Prince Alexander Nicolaievitch. The motives of this resolution are said to be a desire to retire from the fatigue of government, and the recollection of the old superstition that no Russian emperor can ever govern more than twenty-five years.

The Sultan of Turkey has been making a progress through a part of his dominions lately. At all places he was received with enthusiastic welcome by the inhabitants, and, like Louis Napoleon, he is described as having left "marks of his imperial munificence."

It is said that the dissolution of the Spanish Cortes will follow close upon the Queen's delivery. The general elections will then take place, and on the 10th of October the Cortes will be reassembled.

The Count of Montemolin is said to have solicited the hand of the Princess Carlotta, sister of the King of Naples. The King has consented to the marriage, but the day is not yet fixed. The Spanish Ambassador at Naples has protested against the match, and in this proceeding has been supported by his Government, which has given him orders to renew his protest, and withdraw from Naples if the King does not comply with the requisition of the Spanish court.

The Stockholm journals contain long accounts of the brilliant and enthusiastic reception given by the Court and population to the Netherlands Prince and Princesses, and of the satisfaction evinced by all classes at the union between the Prince of Sweden and the daughter of Prince Frederick.

Queen Christina's organ, the *Espana*, has published an article to prepare the public mind for the giving the title of prince and princesses to the children she has had by Munoz. To obviate any opposition on the part of the King-Consort, she proposes that the Duke of Sessa, who has married his sister, should have the title of prince also, as well as the two adventurers who eloped with the other two infantas, the Polish Count G., and the American tobacco planter Gwell. The *Patria* observes that the only man ever named prince in Spain, who was not son of the King, was the celebrated paramour of the Queen Maria Louisa, and that the precedent was by no means of good omen.

On the 23rd ult. a telegraphic despatch arrived at St. Sebastian, announcing that the Queen of Spain had given birth to a princess. A salvo of twenty-one guns immediately proclaimed the happy event, as far as their roar could be heard through the surrounding country; despatches were sent off to the alcaldes of the districts of Guipuzcoa with the intelligence; and in the evening the town was illuminated. But next morning the aspect of affairs changed when it was discovered, much to the astonishment of everybody, that a mistake had occurred, and that Isabel II. had not been confined. It is supposed, as the communication took place at night, that the watch in one of the telegraphs was deceived by the appearance of a chance light, probably a shepherd's, and that the intelligence was then forwarded under a false impression.

The University of Jena has granted to Meyerbeer the title of doctor, or, as the German phrase runs, the dignity of the doctor's hat.

M. Horace Vernet has just returned from his journey to Russia, where he met with the most flattering reception. At the moment of his departure the Emperor presented him with 500,000*fr.*, as the price of his works.

It is stated that General Cavaignac is in some part of Switzerland, where he is preserving the strictest incognito.

M. Armand Marrast, the ex-President of the Constituent Assembly, and previously editor of the *National*, has resumed his labours as a journalist. The *Credit* announces his name as of its editors.

In consequence of the manner in which M. Gros has acquitted himself in the mediation between Great Britain and Greece, Louis Napoleon has elevated him to the rank of commander in the national order of the Legion of Honour.

The statements published in the Conservative journals about the luxurious habits of M. Eugene Sue, turn out to have been much exaggerated. They would have been true a few years ago, but they are not so now. M. Sue has, in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, it is said, broken up his splendid establishment in the country, and has now there only a gardener to prevent the grounds from being utterly neglected. In Paris he has only a small lodging at 1000 francs a year, and receives scarcely any society. It is reported that his allowance as a representative of the people is now almost his only certain income, the profits upon his literary works being almost nominal.

A duel with swords took place at Versailles the other day between M. Clary and M. Valentin, the Montagnard representative, in consequence of some remarks on M. Valentin, in a letter addressed by M. Clary to the *Moniteur*. M. Valentin received a severe but not dangerous wound in the thigh.

On Sunday, 180 persons met to dine in the rooms of the *restaurant* Duffieux, Boulevard du Temple, at a banquet given in honour of the election of M. Girardin. All the hands engaged on every department of the *Presse*, editors, compositors, printers, clerks, employes, porters, and female folders of the journal were present. M. Victor Hugo, who undertook as nobly the defence of the *Presse* in the Assembly on its arbitrary suspension in July, 1848, occupied among the guests the distinguished rank merited by this service. One of the workmen proposed, in energetic language, the health of Girardin, the bold publicist, and Victor Hugo, the poet of the tribune. M. Girardin, in returning thanks, said the *Presse* had been founded that day fourteen years, and unfolded the first copy printed on June 30, 1836. He proceeded to read long quotations from Victor Hugo and Lamartine, which had appeared in that original sheet. After a speech by Victor Hugo, and a song called "The Hymn of

the Workmen" by one of the printers, the banquet broke up.

An Arab, of the name of Mustapha, has been appointed British Consular Agent in Thebes. This man was originally a traveller's servant, after which he was made a janizary in the British Consulate here, and for the last few years he has been acting in various capacities, latterly as a purveyor of stores to the British shipping in port.

The election of the President of the French Assembly was to take place on Thursday. The Legitimists have agreed to support M. Dupin. The Republicans had some thoughts of starting General de Lamoriciere for the office.

Accounts from the French provinces state that the Council-general are preparing to bring forward the question of the revision of the Constitution at their earliest meetings.

A bill for opening a credit of two thousand pounds sterling for defraying expenses in relation to the London exhibition, is about to be submitted to the French Assembly.

The printer of Ledru Rollin's pamphlet, *Le 13 Juin*, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and costs, for having affixed a fictitious name and address to the publication.

A deep sensation was created in Paris, on Wednesday, by the announcement of the death of Sir Robert Peel, the news of which reached the French Government that morning by telegraph. The same day a nephew of the lamented statesman passed through Paris, on his way to Switzerland, to announce the melancholy event to the eldest son of the late baronet, who is residing at Geneva, and who now is Sir Robert Peel.

The editor of the *National* has been condemned to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 200*fr.*, for announcing that a subscription had been commenced at Nangis to pay the fine of 25*fr.*, to which (with a week's imprisonment) the wife of a farmer at Fontenelles had been condemned, under the law against hawkers, for lending a newspaper to a neighbour.

The new press laws, as proposed by the committee, were presented to the French Assembly on Saturday. The amendments made by the committee in the Government's bill greatly mitigate the severity of the measure. The committee rejects the proposed augmentation of the caution-money to 50,000*fr.*, retaining for Paris and the zone of the capital the present amount of 24,000*fr.* For other parts of France 6000*fr.* is the amount of caution-money demanded for departments including towns of 50,000 souls, and 3600*fr.* for the other departments. The half only is exacted for journals which appear only twice during the week. The principle of a postage-stamp is adopted, the amount of which is fixed at six centimes for the newspapers of Paris and the Banlieue, and at two centimes for the rest of France.

The *Moniteur* contains a decree from the President of the Republic, declaring that as Jean Pruvot, an agricultural labourer in the department of the Aisne, has been employed for fifty years on the same farm, and has, during that period given numerous proofs of rare disinterestedness, and performed many acts of devotedness, the head of the state has thought fit to nominate him Knight of the Legion of Honour.

The Court of A-sizes of the Seine has lately condemned a small landed proprietor named Leray, residing at Joué, to three months' imprisonment and 500 francs fine, for having at a public meeting raised the cry of "Vive le pillage!" Also a labourer of the same place, named Gauduchon, to one month's imprisonment and 100 francs fine, for having in the street shouted out, "A bas le bon Dieu!" "Vive l'enfer!" "A bas la religion!" "A bas les prêtres!" and lately a ninth, named Cornet, to two months' imprisonment and 100 francs fine, for having cried out, "Vive la guillotine!"

The new postal convention between the kingdom of Prussia and the Austrian Government for the formation of a Germanic-Austrian postal union for the fixation of an equal rate of postage throughout Germany came into operation on the 1st of July. The convention has been joined by the Governments of Bavaria, Saxony, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the superior postal authorities of Schleswig-Holstein. By the treaty, the rate of postage is very considerably reduced.

The electric telegraph has been introduced into several of the large Austrian state steamers, to enable the commander to communicate direct with the engine-room.

The Parliament in Wurttemberg has refused to grant the taxes for a longer period than two months.

A telegraphic despatch from Berlin states that, on Thursday evening, the plenipotentiaries of Denmark and Prussia signed a treaty of peace, in the name of the German Confederation.

Excursion trains are no longer confined to England. A monster excursion to Paris is to leave Berlin on the 10th, and passengers will be carried there and back for thirty-six thalers in the first class, and twenty-six thalers in the second class. A week or ten days will be allowed the excursionists in Paris.

At one of the principal churches at Pesth, recently, the performance of "The Messiah" was appointed for a charitable purpose. On the morning of the day appointed it was discovered that the organ had been tuned exactly a semitone too high. This was an awkward blunder, but how it was to be remedied no one could tell, until the organist, a Bohemian by birth, suggested that he should play the whole one half note lower, and this difficult feat he actually performed.

It is said that M. de Persigny is to be charged with a delicate mission to St. Petersburg. The French President is about to solicit, through this confidential messenger, the hand of the daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael.

The Spanish Government has contracted with a London firm for the immediate construction of two war steamers of 800 horse-power each, to be completed by the end of

February. These are in addition to the seven already ordered to be built, namely, two in England, three in Ferrol, and two in Cadiz. When these are all launched, the steam navy of Spain will consist of thirty-four vessels.

A letter from Rome in the *Univers* confirms the fact of the demand made by the Papal Government for the recall of Mr. Freeborn, the English consul there, and adds that the negotiations on that head have hitherto failed.

The funeral ceremony in commemoration of the French who fell in the siege of Rome was celebrated in that city with great pomp on the 20th ultimo, in the Church of Santa Maria di Trastevere.

Letters from Bologna state that a number of the Roman Republicans have established their quarters in the small Republic of Santo Marino. The Papal Government has demanded their expulsion, but the Republic has turned a deaf ear to the application. An application was then made to the Austrians, who have hitherto respected the territory of this old Republic, but who have now demanded the expulsion of all the refugees. The consuls of Santo Marino have replied that the great majority of the refugees now enjoy the right of citizenship, and that they cannot drive them out; all they can do is to request them to remain tranquil.

The *Official African Gazette* mentions the arrest and execution by the Austrian troops in the Modanese of a band of forty-three robbers, who all confessed their crimes.

Letters from Malta announce that the English fleet was about to quit that place and proceed to Gibraltar.

Two American ships of war, the Independence, 56-gun frigate, and the Mississippi, first-class steamer, arrived in the Tagus, on the 29th ult., charged to demand, and, if necessary, to enforce payment of certain claims made by the United States Government upon that of Portugal. It is supposed that the affair will be settled by an offer of payment by instalments, which the Americans can scarcely refuse to so needy a debtor.

We understand that, pending a reference to the Portuguese Government as to the validity of Don Pacifico's claims on that country, 20,000 dollars have been deposited on board H.M.S. *Ganges*, at Salamis Bay.—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

Advices from Semlin of the 21st ult., state that the Pasha of Widdin having collected a body of troops, attacked the insurgent peasants near that place upon the 18th, and after cutting down about 500 dispersed the remainder. The same accounts mention that Omer Pasha had entered Bosnia with 20,000 men, and expected to crush the insurrection in a short time.

Recent accounts from Cochin China state that cholera made its appearance in that country in the latter part of last year, and had committed great ravages, traversing the whole kingdom. A great drought had also prevailed, followed by famine, the rice crops having almost entirely failed, and the inhabitants were reduced to the utmost misery, feeding upon leaves and whatever they could possibly use as a means of preserving life.

The grounds of the Brighton Pavilion, recently purchased of the Woods and Forests by the commissioners of Brighton, under powers conferred on them by an act of the present Parliament, were opened to the public on Sunday morning. During the day many thousands entered the grounds.

A meeting of deputies from the Protestant Dissenters of the metropolis was held at the King's Head, in the Poultry, on Monday, to petition the House of Lords to refer the Interments Bill to a select committee, in order that they and other parties aggrieved may have an opportunity of explaining and substantiating their objections.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, was held at the Baptist Chapel, Shoreditch, on Monday, for the purpose of taking measures to obtain a continual supply of pure water to this portion of the metropolis. Mr. M. J. O'Connell, M.P., who presided said the district of Shoreditch was supplied at present by two companies, but the water was defective in quantity, and unusually hard. If, however, the plan to be submitted to the meeting should be carried into effect these evils would be remedied. It was proposed to supply the parish by means of Artesian wells, the water from which had been proved to be of excellent quality. One great advantage of this scheme was that it required no act of Parliament to carry it into effect, for by a very old act passed in the reign of George II., the authorities of the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, were empowered to undertake any improvements without applying to the Legislature for its sanction. The plan now proposed to supply the district of Shoreditch with water was to sink Artesian wells within the parish. By this means a constant supply of the purest water would be obtained, which might be distributed at high pressure to every house at about half the present rates. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were adopted.

The Gorham case has advanced a stage in the Court of Exchequer. The arguments on the rule nisi, for and against issuing a prohibition from inducing Mr. Gorham, were heard on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday. The Attorney General, with other counsel for Mr. Gorham and the Archbishop of Canterbury, opposed the prohibition with new heaps of quotations from a long list of authorities against the existence of Convocation; but most of these authorities are of secondary weight with lawyers. Sir Fitzroy Kelly and other counsel for Dr. Philipotts insisted on the uninterrupted current of great text-writers, who assume the existence of Convocation. Baron Alderson gave fresh indications of extending doubt on the point he originally raised, whether the suit is one which concerns the Crown—a point necessary to give Convocation jurisdiction, when it shall be proved an existing institution. It seems probable that the judgment of the Exchequer Court will go for Mr.

Gorham on this new and preliminary point. Judgment is under deliberation.

Workmen have removed the massive iron gates at St. Paul's Cathedral, facing Ludgate-hill, not, however, it is stated, for the purpose of carrying out the projected improvements, but for repair, and new foundation stones are being laid down.

The Ancient Fraternity of Freemasons have, it would appear from an advertisement in to-day's *Leader*, determined on showing the practical tendencies of their noble art. The convivial and social qualities of the Craft have ever been conspicuous, their benevolent and brotherly principles have a world-wide reputation. It remained for them to give society a proof that they were not un mindful of the claims of scientific investigation and practical improvement, and that desideratum they have determined worthily to supply in the proposed Panopticon, which has received the sanction and support of a Royal Charter; and from which, not only the Brethren but the public will, we doubt not, derive both amusement and edification. We trust, also, that the shareholders will find the undertaking a source of profit to themselves.

The Dahila steamer, while on her way down the Thames, on Saturday night, ran down a skiff containing six persons, all of whom were instantly immersed in the water. Two of them were saved by the owner of a wherry who was fortunately passing at the moment, one swam to the shore, and a fourth clung to one of the buoys till assistance came. The other two were drowned.

The half-past seven railway up-train, heavily laden with passengers, was stuck fast in the Blackheath Tunnel upwards of three quarters of an hour on Sunday night, there not being sufficient steam power on to move it backwards or forwards.

The Queen has been pleased to remit the unexpired term (rather more than three months) of the sentence pronounced at the Old Bailey in 1848 upon Fussell, who with others was convicted of sedition, and he will be discharged as soon as he provides the sureties required by the sentence. The term of imprisonment to which Ernest Jones was sentenced will expire on the 11th instant.

An experimental trial for the purpose of proving the efficacy of the patent safety steering wheel took place on Thursday, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Aitchison, R.N., on board the Starlight river steamer, to which the patent wheel, by permission of the company to which she belongs, had been fitted. A numerous company of naval, scientific, and other gentlemen, attended by invitation upon the occasion. From the experiments made it was obvious that the power and control of the helmsman over the rudder are vastly increased by this invention, and that the risk of accidents in heavy weather is almost entirely obviated.

Alexander Scott, a police constable, died from the effects of chloroform, while undergoing an operation, at Guy's Hospital, on Wednesday week. The chloroform was administered to him at his own urgent request, as he said he could not bear the pain of the operation. Mr. Cook, the surgeon who performed the operation, tried to dissuade him against using it, as he thought there was always danger attending its use, but the patient insisted on having it. In giving his evidence, at the inquest on the body, Mr. Cook said they ought to know the danger and great risk attending its administration. In many cases where chloroform had been used he had waited with breathless anxiety for the recovery of the patient.

Mr. Green and a Mr. Rush ascended in a balloon from Vauxhall-gardens, on Saturday evening, at a quarter to eight o'clock. The balloon rapidly attained a great elevation, and took an easterly direction. At a quarter to nine o'clock it passed over Gravesend, and soon afterwards descended in the river near the Jenkin buoy. A barge which was at a short distance from the spot made towards it; the crew succeeded in rescuing both Mr. Green and Mr. Rush from the balloon, which was rapidly floating down the river. The revenue cutter *Fly* also proceeded to the rescue, and having grappled the balloon found it impossible to check its progress, until, by discharging muskets into it, they made vents for the escape of the gas. It then collapsed, and was placed with the aeronauts in the barge, and taken to Gravesend, where it arrived about four o'clock on Sunday morning.

The premises belonging to Mr. Cullingworth, lithographer, 22, Southampton-street, Strand, took fire on Wednesday morning at six o'clock, and in spite of all that could be done the flames were not extinguished till they had nearly consumed that building and the two on each side of it. The total loss is estimated by some of the firemen at nearly £2000. A female in the upper part of the premises had a narrow escape. She was not aware of the outbreak until her room became so full of smoke as to nearly suffocate her. By a desperate effort, however, she succeeded in escaping below.

"A young lady of superior connection," who advertises herself in the *Evangelical Magazine* of this month as being desirous of a re-engagement as governess, adds, "Members of the Evangelical Alliance preferred!"

The public walks (twenty-five miles in length) around the improving and busy town of Nottingham were opened on Monday. The ceremony was not so numerously attended as might have been expected, owing to the badness of the weather.

No less than 500,000 mackerel were caught on Slapton Sands in one day last week. The whole bay for five miles seemed alive with fish. The most extraordinary catch made by a single boat was that of a man named Gardiner, who landed 150,000. They were sold as low as sixpence for a donkey load.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford have recently erected sixty-four new cottages at the entrance to the town of Tavistock. Each cottage consists of five rooms, together with a supply of water, and is well ventilated. There are also adjoining each cottage an ash-pit, privy, pig's-house, and a yard for drying clothes, together with a garden; for all of which accommodation each tenant

has to pay one shilling and sixpence per week. There were between one and two hundred applicants for the cottages.

At the archidiaconal visitation at Hertford last week, the archdeacon said it could not be too extensively known that if there was a vacant seat in a church, and any parishioner was unaccommodated, he might complain to the churchwardens, who could not refuse to place him in it. Except in the case of a *faculty*, which was extremely rare, no man could claim a pew as his own. He might have paid for its erection, but that gave him no right over any more seats in it than his family actually occupied.

Mr. Dyce Sombre has printed in Paris, and circulated in London, a pamphlet of 590 octavo pages, to prove his perfect sanity.

The eldest son of Mr. George Gubbins, Miltown, Bruff, was accidentally shot by his brother last Friday, while incautiously handling a fowling-piece, and the wound is believed to be fatal.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

A large portion of a beautiful wooden bridge, nearly 320 yards in length, over the Esk, an estuary of the sea, on the Whitehaven and Furness Junction Railway, was destroyed by fire on Friday morning week.

During the whole of last week the officers belonging to Chester Castle were unable to lock the gate leading to the Little Roodee. On Friday they got a smith to take off the lock, when, to their astonishment, they discovered that some bees had lived in the lock, and that every ward of it was filled with wax.

A small shock of an earthquake was felt last week in Comrie, that village so renowned for its earthquakes, accompanied by a loud rumbling noise, which appeared to proceed from under the houses.

An alarming accident occurred at the terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, in Lime-street, on Wednesday. A "cheap trip" had been got up in Staffordshire, and a train, consisting of twenty-two carriages, containing probably 500 or 600 persons, started from Uttoxeter in the morning for Liverpool, which it reached at noon. In going down the Edgehill Tunnel the North Staffordshire guard, being ignorant of the decline, is supposed to have neglected the due precaution; the consequence was that the train, which was an uncommonly heavy one, emerged from the tunnel at a frightful velocity, and struck against the strong stone wall separating the terminus from Lime-street with such force that the buffers actually fractured one or two of the large blocks of freestone of which the wall is constructed. The passengers, of course, were precipitated from their seats, and about fifty of them sustained contusions more or less severe. The principal casualties consisted of blackened eyes, cut lips, and broken noses. Fortunately, no lives were lost nor bones broken.

The harvest accounts from all parts of Ireland continue to be of the most favourable and cheering character. Every sort of produce for human use is described as flourishing almost beyond all former example. In all the markets the finest potatoes are already selling at 1d. the lb., and in some places 2 lbs. for 1d., and it is fully anticipated that very shortly 14 lbs. will be had for the same money.

No less than sixty-three persons, all in comfortable circumstances, left Clonmel on Thursday week for Waterford, there to embark for the United States. It is said that emigration from all the neighbouring districts is on a similar scale.

The union of Bantry, in the county of Kerry, is described to be at present in a frightful condition. The workhouse is greatly overcrowded with paupers, although there are four large corn stores in the town adopted as auxiliaries, besides another large building at Four-mile-Water. A virulent typhus fever has lately broken out in the town, and amongst the victims already are Mr. Lloyd, the Poor-law Inspector, and the porter of the establishment, from whom Mr. Lloyd caught the disease by going to visit him.

Although there has been a considerable diminution in the numbers receiving relief throughout Ireland, there are various unions in which the poor-rate is still a ruinous and an intolerable burden. In the union of Callan (extending through a portion of the county of Kilkenny and that part of Tipperary where the insurrectionary movement took place in 1848), the poor-rate is still enormous in several electoral divisions. For instance, the rate just struck by the guardians is 9s. 6d. in the pound in Ballinagarry; 10s. in the pound in Farrerory; 7s. in Crobane; and it is not less than 13s. 6d. in Ballyphilip. In the other divisions the rate is lower, ranging from 6s. 6d. to 1s. 4d. in the pound.

Notices have been served upon the relieving officers by the managers of the Martin estate, of their intention to evict a vast number of unfortunate creatures now residing on this property. The number of houses from which the inmates are to be cast out is 276; but, on account of the previous evictions in the same quarter, several families reside, in many instances, under the same roof; so that we conceive it is a moderate calculation to estimate the number of individuals about to be subjected to all the tortures of extermination at 1500. In one fell swoop a number of paupers will be made sufficient to fill one of our largest workhouses. It is a curious fact that, out of this property, not a farthing of poor-rates has for a long time been collected.—*Galway Vindicator*.

Three hundred and fifty emigrants sailed from New Ross, in the county of Wexford, for Quebec, last week, and amongst them T. V. Car, Esq., and his family, of Castle Armagh, in the county of Kilkenny. They were all of the most wealthy and respectable class that ever left the county.

A most extraordinary reverse of fortune has happened to a private of No. 3 company of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, now stationed in Athlone. By the death of an uncle in Cuba he has been put in possession of a fortune of £50,000, and two estates in the island. His name is Marryat; he is only twenty years of age.—*Belfast Paper*.

POSTSCRIPT.

SATURDAY, July 6.

In the House of Lords last evening the Parliamentary Voters (Ireland) Bill went through committee, after a short discussion, and a division on a motion by Lord STANLEY for omission of the clause rendering the registering of voters compulsory, in which Government sustained a defeat, the votes being—

For the amendment, 53—against it, 39
Majority against Ministers, 14.

In the House of Commons Mr. CAYLEY submitted his motion for the repeal of the malt-tax. His arguments against the continuance of the impost were founded partly upon general objections to the vexatious and inquisitorial character of an excise-tax, and partly upon the necessity of affording some relief to the agriculturists, who were suffering severe distress in consequence of the cessation of protection. He also dwelt at some length upon the injustice of relieving the poor consumer from a burden which enhanced the price of an article that might be classed among the necessary luxuries. The motion was seconded by Mr. CHRISTOPHER. It was opposed by Sir CHARLES WOOD, on the ground that no substitute had been proposed for the very important tax which they asked to abolish. He denied that the returns of the consumption of malt gave any indication that free trade had proved injurious to the producers. The total quantity had no doubt declined by about one million quarters annually between 1839 and 1849. But the tables showed that the consumption of wine had fallen from 7,000,000 to 6,247,000 gallons, and that of spirits of all sorts had also declined by one million gallons in the same interval. Tea, on the other hand, had increased in the ten years from 35 to 50 million pounds; coffee from 26 to 34 millions; and cocoa from 16 to 32 million pounds. This change he attributed to an improvement of the moral habits of the people, which had led to a happy diminution in the taste for stimulating fluids. He denied that the loss to the revenue occasioned by abolishing the tax would be compensated by an increase of consumption. Mr. HENRY DRUMMOND attributed the diminution of the consumption of malt not to the advanced taste for tea, but to the lamentable adulteration practised upon beer, of which he gave some amusing instances. Mr. BASS was in favour of the abolition of the malt tax, although his interest as a brewer would lead him to ask rather for an increase of duty. It was the duty of parliament to give the labouring classes readier access to their favourite beverage. If the consumption of beer were not impeded by so enormous a duty, the labouring population would not have recourse to those articles which did them no good—they would not drink slop tea and similar articles. Mr. MILNER GIBSON would rather repeal the taxes on knowledge than the taxes on drink; and as he intended again to apply for the former repeal, he should, on the present occasion, for the sake of ordinary consistency, vote against the latter. Mr. SPOONER warmly supported the motion, strongly condemning excise duties, except when absolutely necessary, and reproaching the Free Traders with having thrown away nine millions of Customs, a portion of which would have enabled the Chancellor of the Exchequer easily to give up this obnoxious duty. As regarded any growing distaste for beer, he utterly denied it, the fact being that, thanks to our present system, the farmer could not afford to pay the labourer a rate of wages which would enable him to buy beer. Mr. LAWRENCE HEYWORTH, Mr. PAGES, and Mr. LAW HODGES opposed the motion. Mr. ERN SEYMER supported it. It was idle to talk of free-trade in a country where such an arbitrary and vexatious imposition as these Excise duties existed. He claimed relief for the agricultural interest, which, under the influence of our present system was oppressed beyond bearing. As to the habit of beer drinking going out, that was all nonsense. Ladies invariably took beer, either with a medical excuse or without one, at their substantial mid-day meal, while the labourers, and their wives too, would be too glad of it, and ought to be able to have it. Mr. JAMES WILSON denied that the abolition of this tax would benefit the farmer to the extent supposed. The increase of importation would nearly neutralize all the gain which the farmer expected from it. Mr. DISRAELI, after observing that barley was the principal production of the agricultural labourer, went on to consider the condition of the producer. This, he contended, was one of great continued, though not (on that side of the House) unexpected distress. He challenged the Government to point out any present hopes of improvement. Reviewing the several schedules of the national and local taxation, amounting to seventy millions a-year, he declared that the agriculturists paid more than their share of the one class, while the other was so contrived as to cripple their means of payment. Whether the taxes should be collected internally or externally, paid entirely by the subject, or contributed in some degree by the foreigner, was a question which demanded a speedy settlement. Mr. DISRAELI

then pursued the subject into its colonial and fiscal branches, and ended by claiming justice for the land of England. Lord JOHN RUSSELL said it was satisfactory to him to find that upon the subject of the malt tax Mr. Disraeli did not represent the sentiments of Lord Stanley, who had declared that, if a member of that House, he would oppose the remission of this tax without a substitute. He (Lord John) had never expected that the transition from one system to another could be unaccompanied by partial suffering; but when he was asked whether he considered low prices a benefit or an evil, he answered that, discussing the question as a matter of speculation, he should say that low prices might be the result of unusual circumstances, which should not be taken as a rule; but, as legislators, the Government said, be those prices high or low, they would not legislate to have artificial prices for the food of the people. Pointing to the successful results of the free-trade policy, he inferred therefrom that the temporary depression of the agricultural interest had been more than made up by the general prosperity of the country. The House having divided, the motion was negatived by 247 against 123.

The Revenue Returns for the quarter are as favourable as the most sanguine Chancellor of the Exchequer could desire.

The returns for the quarter show an increase in every item over those of the corresponding quarter of last year, except in stamps and the property tax. The decrease in the former is only £28,930; in the latter only £6405. In the Excise the increase during the quarter just ended, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, amounts to £304,623; in the Customs the increase amounts to £204,391.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE NET PRODUCE OF THE REVENUE OF GREAT BRITAIN IN THE YEARS AND QUARTERS ENDED JULY 5, 1849, AND JULY 5, 1850, SHOWING THE INCREASE OR DECREASE THEREOF.

YEARS ENDED JULY 5.				
	1849.	1850.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs	18,810,774	18,740,194	—	70,580
Excise	12,196,913	13,097,336	900,423	—
Stamps	6,108,468	6,325,459	216,991	—
Taxes	4,330,500	4,351,530	21,030	—
Property-tax	5,262,083	5,459,343	197,260	—
Post-office	819,000	817,000	—	2,000
Crown Lands	130,000	160,000	30,000	—
Miscellaneous	204,564	209,744	5,180	—
Total Ord. Rev.	47,996,312	49,161,146	1,267,484	102,380
China Money	84,284	—	—	84,284
Imprest and other	—	—	—	—
Moneys	606,568	602,807	—	3,761
Repayments of Advances	511,769	570,797	59,028	—
Total Income	49,198,883	50,414,750	1,402,751	186,861
Deduct Decrease	—	—	—	186,861
Increase on the Year	—	—	—	1,315,867
QUARTERS ENDED JULY 5.				
	1849.	1850.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs	4,128,777	4,333,708	204,931	—
Excise	3,030,602	3,325,225	304,623	—
Stamps	1,619,697	1,590,767	—	28,930
Taxes	2,074,730	2,073,281	—	1,449
Property-tax	1,033,240	1,096,835	63,595	—
Post-office	196,000	210,000	14,000	—
Crown Lands	40,000	40,000	—	—
Miscellaneous	70,130	81,474	11,344	—
Total Ord. Rev.	12,163,185	12,681,290	518,105	35,335
China Money	—	—	—	—
Imprest Money, &c.	109,875	135,927	26,052	—
Repayments of Advances	170,841	188,289	17,448	—
Total Income	12,443,902	13,005,406	561,504	35,335
Deduct Decrease	—	—	—	35,335
Increase on the Quarter	—	—	—	561,504

Mr. John Bright has been taken to task by one of his constituents for not deserting his principles by voting for Mr. Roebuck's motion. Mr. Bright's reply is frank and manly. After showing that to have voted for Ministers would have been contrary to all the declarations he had ever made regarding our foreign policy, he points to the men along with whom he voted:—

"I have the satisfaction of having voted with my colleagues in the representation of Manchester, and of his judgment and principles and political honesty I have the highest opinion. I voted, too, with Mr. Cobden, whom few men will suspect of a want of political sagacity or a disregard of the true interests of liberty and of his country. I voted, too, with Mr. Hume, of whose character and labours for the public welfare I need say nothing. I voted, too, with that statesman, since then so suddenly taken from amongst us, whose good disposition towards the existing Government none could doubt, and whose sacrifices for his country and whose services in recent years have been such as to make his name sacred among his countrymen; and, if on this point there be any distinction among them, most of all to be revered by the inhabitants of your city."

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEELE.

Before this announcement meets the public eye, all that was mortal of this distinguished statesman and lamented individual will rest under the roof of Drayton Manor, in Staffordshire. About six o'clock last evening a plain hearse, drawn by four horses, and followed by a

mourning coach and four, entered Whitehall-gardens. On nearing the residence of the lamented deceased, a coffin, covered with crimson velvet, was removed from the hearse and carried on the shoulders of eight men into the mansion. The hearse and mourning coach presently withdrew into Privy-gardens, where they remained in waiting. At seven o'clock they returned into Whitehall-gardens, and in a very few moments afterwards the coffin now containing the remains of the lamented deceased, was borne from the mansion through the court yard, and deposited in the hearse, which had drawn up at the gates to receive it. The coffin was enclosed in a black wrapper, but not covered with any pall. It was preceded by two footmen in livery, and followed by Mr. Townes, steward for many years past in the right honourable baronet's family. After the coffin had been placed in the hearse, the coach drew up and received Mr. Frederick Peel, M.P., Viscount Hardinge, Sir James Graham, and the Right Honourable H. Goulburn, M.P. The hearse and coach then proceeded at a slow pace through Whitehall and up St. Martin's-lane, in the direction of the North-Western Railway station.

Neither the hearse nor the coach had any feathers, and no pages or undertakers-men, accompanied the removal. On the arrival of the cortege at the station the horses were taken out, and the hearse placed upon a truck, under the direction of Mr. Brooks, the superintendent of the station. The truck was subsequently attached to the train, which left town at the usual hour, a quarter to nine o'clock.

Viscount Hardinge, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Goulburn remained until after the departure of the train, and then returned home. Mr. Frederick Peel alone accompanied the remains to Tamworth, at which place arrangements had been made to receive them by a local undertaker.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday next.

We are happy to be enabled to add that Lady Peel was more composed yesterday. Her ladyship will leave town this morning for Marble-hill, Twickenham, the residence of Colonel and Lady Alice Peel, where she will pass a few days in retirement with her children.—*Morning Chronicle*.

OFFICIAL CHANGES.—Mr. Tufnell retires from the Treasury; Mr. Hayter takes his position. Mr. George C. Lewis, now Under Secretary for the Home Department, succeeds Mr. Hayter, and the Honourable E. Bouverie, the member for Kilmarnock, goes to the Home-office.—*Daily News*.

By the United States steam-ship Hermann, which touched at Cowes yesterday, we have news from New York to the 20th ult. Letters from Washington, in the *New York Herald*, state that the Compromise Bill, as reported by the committee of the 13th ult., would certainly pass the Senate, and the opinion was gaining ground that it would likewise pass the House of Representatives. The amount of foreign immigration into New York had experienced a sudden and unexpected decrease, not more than one-third the usual number having arrived in the first two weeks of June. The Temple of Nauvoo, erected by the Mormons in 1845, but purchased in March, 1849, by the Icarian community, was totally destroyed by a hurricane on the 27th of May.

A committee has been formed, consisting of highly respectable tradesmen, for the purpose of raising a fund to erect a poor-man's monument to the memory of the late Sir Robert Peel, M.P., the subscription to be limited to 1d. each person, and to be extended to the whole kingdom. It is intended that the fund (as every £20 is received) shall be paid into the Bank of England, to the names of trustees, viz., Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P., Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P.; Lord John Russell, M.P.; Sir James Graham, M.P.; Viscount Hardinge; and John Masterman, Esq., M.P., or three of them.

Robert Pate, late an officer in the 10th Hussars, who stands charged with having assaulted the Queen, on the evening of the 27th ult., was brought up in custody for re-examination, at the Home-office, yesterday. No new facts were elicited, but the Attorney-General said abundant evidence had been adduced to warrant the committal of the accused for the misdemeanour of having assaulted the Queen, which, under the new act, subjected an offender to transportation and other penal enactments. The prisoner, who made no observation during the proceedings, was then told that he stood committed to take his trial for the misdemeanour of assaulting the Queen. It is confidently stated that, when in the 10th Hussars, his brother officers always considered him, to say the least, very strange; and curious stories are in circulation as to his freaks when the regiment was stationed in Dublin. In reference to the crime with which he stands charged, we understand the prisoner has declared that he had no intention of striking her Majesty the moment before he did so. If the plea of insanity be set up in his defence, it is said he will endeavour himself to disprove it, having a natural horror of confinement for life in Bedlam.

Great excitement has been caused among the Wesleyans in Sheffield by the expulsion of Alderman Schofield from the body. Mr. Schofield was a local preacher and trustee, and is excommunicated because of his presence at the recent reform conference held in London, and for his attendance at other political meetings.

The ballot for President of the French Assembly took place on Thursday with the following result:—M. Dupin, 325; De Bourges, 102; Gen. Bedeau, 35; M. Lamoricière, 63. M. Dupin was accordingly re-elected for the President next quarter. Opposition parties could not agree amongst themselves about a candidate. General Bedeau would owe nothing to the Mountain, while the Legitimists would not have General Lamoricière; so that each party put forward its own representative, and gave M. Dupin an easy victory.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1850.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things sized when all the world is by the very law of its creation in its eternal progress.—*Dr. Arnold*.

PEEL.

"WHO IS THERE TO TAKE HIS PLACE?"

That sentence is the living epitaph pronounced by the public on the departed statesman.

To take his place in what? He was not in office, and was charged with no ostensible function. What, then, is it that the public mean by "his place"? Evidently something which is independent of the side that he might happen to occupy in the House of Commons independent of his being in Downing-street or not. The post of Peel was something distinct from that of Premier, or Privy Councillor, or Member, or "Leader" of the Commons. We must seek its definition in the peculiarities of his own conduct. Now, his conduct was specially distinguished among his compeers, not by his clearheaded views and comprehensive grasp of a subject—other men had those in a greater or less degree; nor by his candour, for other men in Parliament are candid; nor by the keenness of his logic and the rapidity of his apprehension—other men far exceeded him in both; nor by his superiority to the motive of ambition—he avowed that it was strong within him; but by these two things—that he sought to gratify his love of power by serving his country, and that when his conviction was once matured he possessed the will and resolution to carry it out. His political education had taught him that the readiest if not the only method of acting was by means of a party; his own observation had taught him that the only true end of statesmanship must be something to benefit the country at large; and a powerful will enabled him to turn his convictions into deeds. He was, therefore, a practical, an honest, and a resolute statesman. Among all men in Parliament, he was the only one who systematically endeavoured to collect the will of the nation, and having collected it, stood prepared to do the work of giving it effect. He was, therefore, the true Member for England, the only effective patriot. In Rome, the ancient Senate has dwindled down to one titular representative, and the Conscrip Fathers are now impersonated by the Senator Romano: Sir Robert Peel was the English statesman.

We do not, even in the hour of regret, ignore the limitations upon his character; on the contrary, those limitations are necessary to define it, and without them we cannot thoroughly comprehend his true greatness. We have no complete means to penetrate his private life; we have still less inclination; but personal disposition is too large an essential among the elements of a statesman to be overlooked, and the influence of Peel's personal nature on his career as a statesman, is a striking corrective of the modern impersonal cant.

He has testified that his father was a man of "a mechanical genius and a good heart": the mechanical genius was obvious—the good heart must be taken on the authority of the son. The elder Peel was a harsh narrow-minded calculator, with whom worldly success appears to have been all in all; and the genial part of the great Peel's character may perhaps be traced to the sinister side of his escutcheon. He entered life under the influence of a mechanical genius, who was rigid by nature and arrogant with success. Peel also entered life among Tory connections: the concrete turn of his mind led him to the administrative branch of statesmanship, in which he attained great success. He became a landowner; his command of words and facts gave him early success in the House of Commons. He was a valued servant of "the powers that be" in "the good old Tory times"; his successes were identified with the party; he was the man to take things, at first, as he found them. Not imaginative, nor speculative, he had no sympathy for remote or ideal opinions. He was therefore a thorough Tory, looked upon by the public as a sleek, thorough-paced, overbearing disciple of

that party; by his own party as a staunch, energetic, thoroughly safe man.

But Peel had qualities infinitely too great for a mere party man. Very early he evinced a faculty of close, keen, and steady observation, as when he noted to Plumer Ward the change in the opinions of the people, and the cleverness of Henry Hunt. As soon as progressive opinions attained the concrete shape, Peel recognized them, and could appreciate their weight and strength—their dynamics. His intellect was not stationary, but slow: like the hour-hand of a clock, its movements were not seen, but it steadily pointed to each distinct stage in the onward advance. His earlier contemporaries, however, mistook that slowness for standing still—as children think that the hour hand does not move. With immense self-possession, belonging to a powerful frame, with feelings deep rather than quick, Peel had still a kind heart. His kindness to Haydon took the public by surprise: not those who had known him better, and who knew, moreover, that his generosity could go far beyond mere money gifts: from him came spontaneously the manly recognition of merits in opponents; and we have known instances in which he acknowledged zealous professional aid at a time of family trial with the handsomest expressions of gratitude—for services, indeed, which wealth was powerless to repay, though his sterling eloquence of acknowledgment paid with usance. He was manifestly and confessedly ambitious; but it was late in life before the public knew that his ambition was ennobled by a large heart, an untiring observation of practical life, and a clear head, which saw that a true success only waits on a high and honest ambition. As he successively outgrew some partially finished stage of his career, he surprised his enemies and alarmed his friends—the latter often unable to follow him. His restoration of the currency anticipated the judgment of a subsequent generation. Catholic Emancipation he accepted as a pupil accepts the lesson of his master—as a working apprentice already far advanced in his art. The Reform Bill came too soon for his progress; but he grew up to it—outgrew it. He was the only statesman able to decree free-trade at the date of its maturity. He has foreshadowed the principles of Irish regeneration. Clear head for tangible subjects, a strong heart to sympathise with large bodies, a strong will to do what lay within his power, these were the resources of Peel. Party was to him an instrument, not a master; and at the time of his death, without a party, he was the arbiter of all.

Among our statesmen there are few indeed that look to the nation as such. Most of them seek to derive their teaching from some special party—Peel would take his from any party that had a trustworthy message to bring. But, according to his lights, he always kept party in the second place—the nation in the first. It was the only master he acknowledged in practical statesmanship. Other men exceed him in speculative Liberalism; many desire to be more popular: but they will sacrifice national aspirations to Whig necessities: many who do not want his heart lack his will. Working on behalf of the nation, proud to be the servant of the nation, he was the sole acting patriot. "Who is there to take his place?" It is vacant.

MEN ARE MEASURES.

BLESSED are they that expect nothing—especially from hopeless sources; the *Daily News* expects much from the Whigs, and is fain to betray a condition by no means blessed. Among the symptoms that presage the downfall of the party is the sorrowful embarrassment in which their able advocate finds himself. The Whigs accept aid in the hour of danger, but forget it in the hour of ease. "It has been a poor, bootless, and disappointing session," the recent debate on foreign policy nearly gave the Ministry its coup de grace, and the *Daily News* trusts "that the lesson of the last momentous week will not be lost upon the Whigs."

"The liberal cause and principle—political, commercial, social—is threatened with reaction; the late unanimous adhesion of Liberals to the Whig Ministry is a proof that all are conscious of this, and that all would prevent it. But by trusting and supporting the Whigs, they depend on the Whigs acting henceforth frankly and manfully to promote and strengthen that cause. Power has not been given into their hands from any personal affection, any love for their *beaux yeux*, but in an expectation that they would take means, in common with Liberals, for the carrying out of their principles and the strengthening of their cause."

If this is a true statement of the Radical policy, we can imagine nothing more hopelessly based on

the "Rusticus-expectat" principle. If our contemporary trusts that the Whigs will not let the lesson of a week be lost, we can only say that the trust proves a total incapacity in the Radicals for being taught by the lesson of a life. See how their sufferings are described by the same pen:—

"If any party in Parliament and in the country has cause to complain of Lord John Russell and his Cabinet, it decidedly has been the Radicals. Excluded most acutely from power, some portion of their ideas stolen without gratitude, and the rest repudiated too often with contumely; use made of them to stir public opinion, and keep at bay the exigencies and assaults of the fanatic aristocracy, and this without gain or acknowledgment; we are not surprised at the more eminent men of the thorough Liberal party preferring to brave any contingency rather than by a strained vote in favour of Ministers secure to them the power to continue past unfairness and old manoeuvres."

Yes, the well-born Whigs—and most of the superior Ministers are well-born—treat their Radical volunteers much as Lord Ashley treated one of his factory clients when he offered the hospitality of his house to his travelled ally by sending him into the kitchen. The polite Ministers perhaps hesitate to associate too closely with "persons of that class." Brought up in the midst of prejudice, it is not wonderful that scions of the house of Bedford and other "distinguished" families should be given to this supercilious behaviour; the wonder is that the Radicals should put up with it. If, indeed, the sacrifice gained anything for the country it might be respectable; but it gains almost nothing, except a yearly bunch of "bills" which never blossom into "acts," but die in the growing or fructify into abortions. The Radicals gain nothing by their subservency beyond the satisfaction of having been "put upon." If mortification is spiritually wholesome they may hope for all the salutary influences of self-abasement. As the Pope washes the feet of twelve beggars annually, the Radicals annually whitewash the Whigs by voting black white; and the Whigs repay them in the manner described so eloquently by the veteran pen from which we have quoted.

But the same witness testifies to the fact that the Radicals are not unanimous in their subservency; their leaders seem really to have been awakened from their delusion. It was time. If we look through the records of past sessions, we shall find none more barren in the attention of any popular policy, none more destitute of genuine nationality. The "popular" members appear only as men playing into the hands of the Whigs, or deviating occasionally into independence on subjects which, to be frank, excite very little sympathy among the People. Even in foreign politics, if any sign of nationality is to be found, it must be sought in the speeches of Conservative or Tory members, like Graham or Disraeli. The Whigs are confirmed fainéants, and the Radicals have settled down into the position of being their apologists. A few have awakened to a sense of that degraded, useless, and unpatriotic position. If the lesson of a life has not been lost upon them,—if, as the *Daily News* says of the Whigs, the Radicals would throw themselves upon the country,—we might once more have popular representatives, a popular party—a party endowed with the strength of popular sympathy, and able to speak in the name of the true nation. It was time, we say: a little longer, and the old "Radical" party would have stood confessed as obsolete and worn out as the Whig party itself.

"Not men but measures," has been the cant cry: we have had enough of "measures" made to keep up the credit of a party, but thrown overboard on every difficulty. Men are measures: you cannot have measures effectively consummated, or congenially administered without suitable men. The mistake of the Radical party has been to accept the Whigs on the score of professions, with the most obstinate disregard to acts. At one time there was some advantage in the mere recognition of principles, and one might feel gratitude even to those who would "greatly daring dine": but that pre-reform exigency is out of date; and to keep a man in place merely that he may mouth "progress," without the slightest movement in fact, is as feeble an act of simplicity as ever was exhibited to the world: yet it has been kept up for years. At last, however, we hope the leading Radicals are going to rouse themselves from their bondage, and to throw themselves fairly on the country. Do not be afraid: jump boldly, we say,—we will catch you.

HOW LARGE TOWNS ABSORB SMALL ONES.

MR. CARLYLE, in his last published Latter-day Pamphlet—"Hudson's Statue," questions the

popular belief that railways have been among the greatest blessings of this marvellous Nineteenth Century. That all men and women in cool possession of their senses like better to travel by railway than by any other conveyance is an undeniable fact. But, along with the many advantages, one unexpected and disastrous result is pointed out by Carlyle. "Much as we love railways," he remarks, "there is one thing undeniable, railways are shifting all towns of Britain into new places; no town will stand where it did, and nobody can tell for a long while yet where it will stand."

Nor is this the worst evil. The facility of travelling is causing a rapid transfer of business to all the great centres of trade. The large towns are swallowing up the smaller ones. "Reading, Basingstoke, and the rest, the unfortunate towns, subscribed money to get railways; and it proves to be for cutting their own throats. The business has gone elsewhere; and they—cannot stay behind their business." This is all perfectly true. The tendency of "the Wen" to monopolize business is not a new thing, but the process has been terribly accelerated by the railways.

The same process is going on in the more thickly-peopled parts of the United States. The *New York Tribune* utters frequent complaints of the way in which the trade, and even the employments, which used to sustain many pleasant and flourishing villages and towns, are concentrated in the large cities; and in a late number of that journal, "A Country Tailor" expatiates very feelingly on the sad change. While the wholesale clothing establishments of New York are rapidly increasing in number, he complains that they are absorbing the employment of the country, and thus "casting many an honest and hard-working man and woman out of employment," or drawing them to live in the unhealthy city. The editor of the *New York Tribune* admits the evil of which the rural tailor complains, but he does not despair of finding a remedy, if the working men will only act wisely. The plan which he proposes might easily be adopted in London, or any other large town:—

"Let us suppose three or four hundred of these slavish piece-work tailors would now resolve to drink no more liquor, smoke no cigars, waste no hours nor means, but save every shilling they decently could until they should have an average of 100 dollars each beforehand. Then suppose they should go out on one of our railroads—the Erie or Housatonic for example—and buy a hundred or two acres of fair land, with the buildings upon it, say 10,000 dollars' worth in all, and put on new dwellings and implements to the value of 10,000 dollars or 15,000 dollars. Having done this, let them all migrate to this their purchase and new home, bag and baggage, electing one of their number of proved integrity and capacity, both as cutter and buyer, to keep shop for them in the city. Let them now buy for present cash a good assortment of cloths—say 5000 dollars' worth—and all go to work making clothes for whoever may choose to employ them among their brother workers in city or country, and making up sale-work when the orders shall be slack. Every morning their business man here may make up a package of orders and cut clothes for making up, and every day a like package of finished garments may be sent down to him from the hive, with directions to purchase and forward by return train any articles they might be in need of. A good farmer may easily be induced to join them on fair terms and take the management of their out-door work, and occasionally, when the weather is fine, trade slack, and the farm work hurrying, all the men may take the wrinkles out of their backs by a day's planting, hoeing, haymaking, or harvesting. So the women might take charge of the housework in sections, each doing a week's cooking, washing, &c., then work two weeks or more at tailoring, and each child might be trained to proficiency in both tailoring and farming or housework. With each person or family a rigid account should be kept, charging all that he or she had of the concern, and crediting their work or whatever might be contributed to the common fund. Each should be settled with at the close of every year or oftener as may be deemed desirable. Each person should be employed on the work he or she could do best, but devote some time also to acquiring skill in other departments. And finally, a more perfect and beneficent combination and division of labour might in this way be obtained than in any clothing establishment the world has yet known. Rent, vegetables, fruits, &c., would cost next to nothing compared to city prices, and the workers would get all they earned, be the same less or more. Ultimately, shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c., might be received into the concern, or might get up similar villages of their own, and exchange products by wholesale with the combination of working tailors, to the signal advantage of all concerned."

What do our associated tailors and other tradesmen say to trying an experiment in this direction? Out of thirty or forty thousand tailors in London, what should hinder a few thousands of them, at least, from clubbing their wits together, and, by the joint force of union and economy, emancipating themselves from their present wretched life of un-blessed toil, disease, and misery?

FALLACY OF NON-INTERVENTION.

In foreign affairs the Ministerial policy has stalled between two opposite courses, but so also it appears to us has the policy of those who censure the Government. We are told that the principle in the relation of different countries should be that which regulates the intercourse of individuals, and "non-interference" is the dogma of the day. It is, we think, fallacious and impracticable; but at all events it is desirable that it should be thoroughly understood; for at present it is asserted and accepted, like many antiquated physiological notions in days gone by, about the spleen, on mere guess-work and metaphor.

That there is some radical error in the doctrine is rendered probable by the fact that it is so differently interpreted. Sir Robert Peel upheld the principle of Fox, Canning, and Castlereagh, "non-interference except in case of necessity." Now how did those statesmen give effect to their principle? Castlereagh's idea of "necessity" included that wholesale instrument of arbitrary intervention, the Holy Alliance; and began the process which swindled Sicily out of her ancient constitution in false reliance on English support.

Lord John Russell lays down the doctrine of non-interference, and proceeds to justify interference the most sweeping and arbitrary:—

"The best way for us to act is, whilst determining upon non-interference, not to lay down any abstract maxims as a guide for our actions. We interfered in the case of Portugal; we soon afterwards interfered in the case of Spain, and that we did upon the suggestion of that most eminent statesman Prince Talleyrand, ambassador here at the time, and who felt that the success of the contest in Spain would endanger the stability of the Orleans dynasty in France. It is for statesmen to judge of the occasion; and I hold that we cannot lay down any abstract rule as to non-interference. I only say that there should be interference when it is necessary. I do not go so far as the right honourable member for Oxford University, that there should be interference when the opportunity arose; but I say when interference is absolutely necessary, and our influence without our interference when it may be useful. I say then our interference when it is necessary, and our influence when it can be asserted to the promotion of temperate liberty—that liberty which is consistent with order, without practising a propagandism—our desire I say is to see institutions, whatever they may be called, a monarchy or a republic, still institutions which combine together the elements of authority and of freedom—the same institutions as exist in this country—the same institutions as they prevail in the United States of America—institutions that tend to promote the happiness of mankind, and that have an immediate influence in promoting the independence of nations; for it is the interest of England that the independence of nations should be promoted, and the balance of power thus secured. I say, then, for my part, that I rejoice after all the troubles, all the confusion, and all the bloodshed of the year 1848, that there has yet been won two boons of considerable magnitude—the establishment of representative Governments in Sardinia and in Turin. I should be glad to see that other nations could safely be entrusted with such institutions. It is of importance that it should be understood in Europe that we take part with neither of the extreme portions which are dividing Europe; and that, whilst we abhor the crimes that produced the murders of a Rossi and a Latour, we also deprecate all acts that deprive nations of their ancient rights, and that shed the best blood of its bravest citizens on the scaffold. I think it of importance that it should be understood in Europe that we approve of neither extreme—of the wildness of democracy, nor of the iron rule of despotism. I believe that all those opposed to free institutions and a free press, and who think that their security consists in despotism, would rejoice if they were told that the present Government in England had been destroyed."

What does all this mean? Seriously we cannot make out. We can only conjecture that Lord John is for a foreign policy which shall indirectly tend to keep Whigs in office; that he will interfere in foreign countries to set up in those countries "institutions" of a Russell pattern; but what practical or definite rule is indicated we cannot surmise. The whole passage seems to set aside the genius or wish of any nation, and to imply that Lord John will be deaf to the claim for assistance from any nation, unless it is prepared to accept an English policy. So that he advocates non-interference, except when it can be accompanied by dictation!

Lord Palmerston's *profession* is influence and non-interference; his *practice*, half measures of intervention everywhere, such as exasperate our enemies, disappoint our friends, and destroy our influence. Interpreted by the *Daily News*, his principle is absolute non-interference without saying so—which seems to mean non-interference always, but sometimes a pretence of intervention; and that is a very tolerable description of Lord Palmerston's policy. Its results are to foster revolution all over Europe, and to frustrate all the popular efforts which he professes to encourage: to precipitate

anarchy, and then rivet the chains of despotism. That is the practical result of Lord Palmerston's "non-interference but don't say so" policy.

Mr. Cobden is the most consistent promulgator of the non-interference policy. If we rightly construe him—and if we do not, we invite correction—he would proclaim absolute non-interference; would limit his influence abroad to teaching the nations how to live by example alone; and would await the growth of opinions until they should rise to the level of imperial thrones, and should convert the autocrats of Russia and of Austria into enlightened free traders, Liberal politicians, and all that is good. Let us see how such a policy would work practically.

Nations, we are told, should be guided by the same rules that would regulate individuals. Now, if you saw Connop Thirlwall prostrate on the ground, with a huge country clown standing over him, dictating what he should or should not do, by the simple right of force, would you observe the doctrine of non-interference, and tell Thirlwall that independence must be conquered by himself? Would you represent to Thirlwall, in support of your policy, that if you were to interfere, you might get your coat torn, be involved in a law suit, and otherwise incur expense? Would you advise Thirlwall to rely on the march of intellect, and on the moral force of your example upon the bestriding clown, or on the progress of education for embuing him with enlightened opinions such as would forbid him to trample on accomplished scholars? Would you do that; or would you resort to the organized physical force of the police, if not to some more summary intervention, in sympathy with the insurgent Thirlwall? To pursue the analogy—Mr. Cobden would preach thus to Thirlwall, and also to the clown. Lord Palmerston would resolve not to interfere, but would make as if he meant to help Thirlwall; and then, when Thirlwall had made an attempt to rise, Lord Palmerston would draw back that the clown might dash the insurgent to the earth again; and then Lord Palmerston would utter a very spirited protest against that cruelty, but would assure Mr. Cobden that he never meant to run into the expense of intervention. Lord John Russell would interfere—at least morally, in the preachy-preachy way, and perhaps also deludingly in the Palmerston way—on condition that Thirlwall should show a wish to make his household and mode of life conform to the Russell pattern—not otherwise. Now we do not think that, in this case of individual analogy, John Bull, if left to himself, would behave at all like these his distinguished advisers. He is desperately easy to be talked over; but if left to himself, we have a strong conviction that he would insist on fair play, would set Thirlwall on his legs; and, if the clown proved the bigger man, it is quite possible that John Bull would insist on settling accounts with him, while Thirlwall left fighting to study Grecian antiquities.

We say that the conduct of nation to nation should be that of man to man, and that the relation of humanity involves intervention as a necessity. It also involves the necessity of force. But it is a mistake to suppose that moral and physical force are necessarily antagonists. Institutions and opinions are not things "established," and the metaphors which suggest that idea mislead us. They subsist, like all things dependent on the action of organized beings, by a perpetually renewed action, and accord precisely with the state of vital power in a nation. That vital power may be enlarged or restricted by aid or oppression. "Right" consists in the union of conviction and power: we ought to do whatever we think good in itself and practicable to our strength. If we see a great nation prostrate under an inferior nation, which is superior to it in the art of force; if we are still superior or equal to that stronger nation, then we ought to interfere in raising the prostrate nation—to lend it our strength. The actual state of Europe is this. A class of men bred to thrones, aided by a still larger and abler class that subsists by supporting despotic thrones, have so managed that in class interests a general accord exists among them, and they can at any time bring all their resources to bear upon any point at which those class interests are menaced. They have been able to divide the Peoples of Europe, so that the Peoples cannot act together, except through the royal and governing classes. The only international action, therefore, is *anti-national*. To teach the ruling classes, thus banded and flourishing on the anti-popular conspiracy, must be a work of centuries; to await the emancipation of Europe by the didactic process on those pupils is to expect a testotal re-

form from the licensed victuallers, thorough law reform from lawyers, navy reform from crimps. Human feeling demands something less speculative and remote—some comfort more practical and tangible; and it will get it, without waiting for the dreams of non-interventionists. Nations will come to a better accord, and will help each other: the question is, whether the nation best able to take a lead in bringing about that Holy Alliance shall suffer its generous sympathies to slumber in the dreams of economists, or shall sacrifice nations to the manoeuvres of the weakest of parties, or shall only acknowledge a national impulse to aid the conspiracy of some retrograde Holy Alliance to keep down Europe in detail.

GROANS OF THE COMPROMISERS.

STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS is not only the most honourable but the most successful course; equivocation, compromise, and halfness rob us of our strength. Pitable it is to see the manner in which those who suffer from the new Sunday regulation, evade the real question, and throw up groans of distress at the "inconvenience" which results, and miserable pretences that the Sabbath "will not be so well observed as before." Pitable, indeed! enough to make us ashamed of our fellow-creatures for their cowardice.

The real question is this:—Is it or is it not an offence against God to do any work on the Sunday? If it is—as the Saints proclaim—then all the talk about "inconvenience" is idle; we must not be allowed to outrage God for our convenience; not only postal employments, but all other kinds of labour, are wicked and should be put down. A correspondent points to some striking instances. If it is not an offence against God—if neither religion in the abstract nor Christianity in the particular pronounces against employment on the Sunday—then the Saints should be answered on that ground, and the talk about "inconvenience" be let alone as totally irrelevant.

But, no! men shrink that argument; they are afraid to meet the Saints on religious ground; destitute of any serious convictions themselves, yet terrified at the thought of being stigmatized as unbelievers, they shuffle and equivocate, talk about "convenience," declare the nation "won't stand it," and suffer the Saints to press victoriously onwards. They dare not grapple with the principle. This, indeed, is the curse of our age: we are "destitute of faith, yet terrified at scepticism!" The House of Commons does not believe, yet dares not avow the fact. The majority has outgrown the opinions taught in the nursery and schoolroom, but it has not outgrown the terror those opinions inspire. It has lost its faith, and retained its prejudices. As a man who has lost an arm continues to feel pain in the hand which he no longer possesses, so will he who has lost his faith continue to feel twinges of fear and misgiving, as if his faith were living still. This will continue until the New Reformation has fairly seated itself on the ground now strewn with the ruins of sects.

Meanwhile we note here the victory of earnestness. The Saints gained the day, and—let us add—deserved to gain it. They were straightforward. They declared what they meant. They did not equivocate. They said religion is injured by letter carriers; the blue coat with red collar must no longer desecrate the Sabbath. The sharp *Rat-tat!* startled away pious reveries; it was right to silence it. True or false, pious or preposterous, there was a distinct principle involved. It could only be overcome by some truer, higher principle. Instead of this the principle was evaded. The Saints argued in the name of Religion; they were answered in the name of the World. They declared with indignation that to permit the Sunday Post was to outrage God; they were answered that it is a convenience to Jones!

HYDE PARK AND THE EXPOSITION OF 1851.

WE are glad to see a disposition to rally round the official authorities in resisting the recently-raised outcry against Hyde Park as a site for the Exposition of 1851. No place could be equally good. The outcry evidently originates with some nobleman or other near the park, who does not like a great public concourse brought too near his mansion; and, to serve some personal dislike, the public, with large private interests, are to be sacrificed! The Exposition includes two things—the exhibition of goods, and the vast concourse of people. The exhibition of goods cannot fail to be interesting and useful. The concourse will depend upon these probabilities—a thoroughly convenient and attractive site; a good neighbourhood to that site for lodging; and the

extent of the concourse itself. A vast open warehouse, admission one shilling, in Battersea-fields, might collect many; but a great commercial jubilee centering in Hyde Park, will throng London with a vast concourse of holiday-making and holiday-paying visitors. The holiday will not be disagreeable to any class; but millions upon millions sterling depend upon the choice of a site—to go or not to go into the pockets of our middle and working classes.

THE POLES IN ENGLAND.

SOME little while back, about one hundred Poles who had fought in Hungary arrived at Southampton from Malta. They were, in the first instance, relieved by the "Literary Society of the Friends of Poland"; but, for some reason, the Society wished them to go to America. The Poles objected on the ground that they would not be able to return to Europe when wanted. The Society persisted, and, first diminishing and then discontinuing their scanty daily allowance, made use of starvation as an argument to induce their removal. Some forty of them gave way. Of the rest, some went to seek employment in the manufacturing districts, and forty of them have come to London. They, and a number of their fellow countrymen expelled from Switzerland, are literally starving. They have had some help from a few Chartist workmen at Whitechapel, and from Mazzini; but they are in most extreme need. They would be glad to work if they could get work; but before then they must really starve if none come forward to assist them. Belonging to the Democratic party, they have no help except from the Democrats who may be found in London.



Open Council.

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

WE are obliged to omit several papers, our news having encroached upon our space. On the whole we have reason to be thankful to our correspondents for the way in which they have responded to our wishes in the matter of length; but some are less careful. We are disposed to stretch a point in favour of opponents; but when we have several letters on one subject the longest have a bad chance of admission. One writer on marriage, in Edinburgh, has sent us a letter which we would gladly insert, as it suggests very useful thoughts; but the writer is evidently aware of its excessive length. Will he revoke it, and curtail it? He ought also to weed it of unwarranted personal insinuations against the writers and managers of this journal.

We see that we must repeat our statement, that we do not hold ourselves in any degree responsible for the views propounded under this head. The department is open to all who conform to rule as to decorum and length.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.

July 3, 1850.

SIR,—Your Open Council does you credit; you have not been afraid of Mr. Newman's admirable letter on divorce; and I wish I could hope that it might induce you to reconsider your own opinion. The present law (however it is expressed) cannot be treated as the result of a particular mode of superstition—marriage, as the earliest of social institutions, has been sufficiently tried in every form which it can assume, and men are really too wise in a matter of such very vital importance, to have permitted a law to remain which is less than a fair conclusion from all past experience. Stringent laws have been tried; they have been relaxed, and again made stringent; and if there is one point which is clear in the history of all civilized nations, it is that marriage has uniformly been held most inviolable in the healthiest periods, and that where divorce is easy and frequent society is dissolving.

If it is a question what is the best rule for men to live under, we must take the experience of what has produced the best men, or of what the best men have

most approved, and be contented to do without sentimentalizing. No doubt on a question so delicate and difficult it is easy to make a case. It is easy to talk of the liberty of a free human being, which is sacrificed by an irrevocable vow; of the loss of dignity in submitting to such; of the inalienable right of self-control which it surrenders; and then to point the reasoning with few or many instances of sin or folly, or even suffering, which seem to have resulted from it; but, after all, that is all cant. Show me any really noble-minded person whose soul is suffering, and you have done something; but where is there any? We hear nothing of the noble-minded in Doctors' Commons; only rather of a sort of people, the very last to be indulged with larger licence by legislative experiment. Every human being born into society is brought at once under a number of irrevocable obligations of positive laws—obligations of custom, duties to persons about him, and duties to the country in which he is born. These obligations are laid upon us without our own consent asked or given. We are never at liberty to question them; yet we do not think we have forfeited any desirable liberty, because we are not allowed to steal; nor do the police reports afford any evidence that there ought to be no such thing as laws of property.

Of course it would be infinitely desirable if we could do without laws at all, supposing people would do their duty of their own accord; but that is only to say it would be better if men were perfect. As they are still very imperfect we must do the best we can. With the variety of situations, circumstances, and character which exist among us, it is impossible that laws can ever be more than a second best. They can only be general; and to require laws which shall meet every contingency is to require an impossibility. People really good for anything, when they are in an exceptional position, know this very well, and are the last to complain. We talk of freedom; but there are two kinds of freedom—the savage is free, and the perfect man is free; one because he does not know what law is, the other because he has so long obeyed it that it has become part of his nature; between lies the infinite gulf which divides licence from liberty. And it is, at least, remarkable that with all laws, whether in morals or in art, it is just those who are most a law unto themselves, who obey the outward law most readily, while those who most need restraint are the most impatient under it.

I must say that, as the times when a less stringent marriage law has been required have never been the best times; and as the men who have come forward to require it have seldom been the best men even of a bad time; so I think it will be the last relaxation which men will be able to bear with advantage. There is no relation in life in which we require more to be protected against ourselves, because there is none in which the least respectable of feelings are better able to disguise themselves in an attractive dress. There may be extraordinary cases, grant it; but legislation is for the ordinary, not for the extraordinary. Goethe, who was no more a prude than Gibbon, faced the difficulty in the most aggravated form which he could conceive it to assume; and yet in his powerful novel, "The Elective Affinities," he reads still the old strong lesson to us: "You can command yourselves, and therefore you must. That is your highest course, and therefore it is the best." He has supposed every facility of change, every unfitness in the old relation, every fitness in the possible new relation; he has placed the trial among highly cultivated persons who, if any, could have taken the direction of their conduct into their own hands; but he chose to say that the right way was not the way of self-indulgence, but of self-control.

I do not say, any more than Mr. Newman, that our law, as it stands, is as perfect as it might be made. Divorce for adultery is made an expensive luxury, which only the rich can afford; and a poor man must endure, and does endure, and becomes himself demoralized in enduring any extent of profligacy in his wife. Again, there are cases where separation would be most desirable; where many a poor wife's heart is breaking under ill treatment, from which the law will not protect her unless it has assumed the gross form of external violence. No suits more deeply disgrace our law-courts than those which from time to time appear for restitution of conjugal rights. Some power ought to be left to relations to interfere in such extremity. But I cannot wish to see a power allowed of second marriage. I had almost said in any case at all, so long as wife and husband are both alive.

The Code Napoleon grants liberty of divorce by mutual consent; but it is fenced round with every precaution, and a second marriage is not permitted within five years of the first notice of the intention to separate. In case of divorce for adultery, with admirable wisdom, the law forbids absolutely any marriage between the guilty parties; and such severe liberty was found so unpalatable that, with the return of the Bourbons, the canon laws came easily back; liberty which offered no greater facilities for indulgence was willingly surrendered, and was so little cared for that the proposal to restore it in 1848

scarcely received patient hearing from the Constituent Assembly. Even the canon law gives more hope to self-indulgence, and only the self-indulgent seemed to have any interest in the question.

Yet even the liberty of the Code Napoleon I should be sorry to be introduced among us. It is permanence which gives marriage its solid social value. Take away its permanence, leave open a chance that it need not be permanent, and one large part of its private value as a discipline of character is gone too. The highest lesson of life, which it may be said is the sum of all lessons, self-forgetfulness, is taught in marriage every hour of every day; and we receive it in the beautiful school where duty and affection best go hand in hand. In a measure this might be so with a voluntary union; but experience of ourselves ought to teach us to distrust ourselves; and ordinary men, who really desire what is really best for them, will be thankful that a condition, under which, better than any other, they may receive the very best of human training, is secured from their own caprice.

I acknowledge myself most suspicious, particularly in these days, and most particularly among Liberals, of any show of a desire to escape from moral restraints. Liberals, particularly liberals in doctrine, are spoken against in the world as disguising, under a pretended desire for truth, a real desire to undermine the obligations of right and wrong. I am sorry that the *Leader*, however good its purpose, should give people who so speak so fair a handle.

The real Liberal only wishes to get rid of the false sanctions under which duty is presented to him, because, being false, they seem to make every thing else false which professes to be rested upon them. It is not to escape an irksome restraint, but to be able to offer a more complete obedience that I am a Liberal, so, no doubt, is the *Leader*; but I may illustrate my reason for being what I am from the *Leader* itself, which, wishing to see what is right, has yet (as it seems to me) lost sight of a real truth, because the superstitious ground on which it appeared to rest had fallen away from under it.

J. A. FROUDE.

SUNDAY SUSPENSION OF THE POST-OFFICE.

London, July 1, 1850.

SIR,—Under a recent Post-office notice, no letters or newspapers are allowed to be delivered through the post on a Sunday, thereby causing great annoyance, as well as *infringing on the rights and privileges of the public*. For I hold that, as the Post-office is the only legal channel whereby we can transmit our letters, it is bound to deliver them whether it be Sunday or Monday. But it appears, that our Legislature, for the present, have decreed otherwise: they have robbed the poor man of the only chance he had of receiving and communicating with his friends on that day, no matter how urgent his letter may be. So much has been written on this subject, and the arguments of the Puritanical set so strongly confuted, that I will not say more on the subject, except to ask you to solve me the following questions:—

If it be desecration of the Sabbath to deliver letters and newspapers through the post on a Sunday, *Is it considered a desecration to employ men, horses, and water-carts, in watering the carriage-drives and "Rotten Row" in Hyde Park, prior to the arrival of our aristocracy for their Sunday afternoon drive or ride?*

Again, *Is it desecration of the Sabbath to allow upwards of twenty large furniture vans to be packed with baggage and officers' property, which was the case at Knightsbridge Barracks on Sunday last—and this, too, under the very eyes of our Legislature?*

Further comment is unnecessary. I left the Park more convinced than ever of the *humbug* of the recent Post-office regulation, and the great call for every man—especially the poor hard-working mechanic and tradesman—manfully to assert his own mind and speak out boldly for redress. However, I was disturbed in my reverie by the appearance of her Majesty's liveries, and I had the pleasure of seeing our amiable and beloved Queen, with the Prince Consort, in an open carriage and four, attended by outriders and equestrians, enjoying her Sunday afternoon drive. Long may she do so; and I trust she will continue thus to advocate the cause of the humble though not less devoted classes of her community.

Trusting you will favour me with a place in the columns of your "Open Council," I am, sir, Yours obediently, DEXFLA.

SUNDAY POST.

SIR,—I am requested by two of my friends (the one a Jew and the other a Mahomedan) to address you.

The former would feel greatly obliged if you would use your best endeavours to stop the delivery of letters on a *Saturday*, and the latter on a *Friday*. My friends have for a long time borne patiently the desecration of their respective Sabbaths, and they now think that they also are entitled to some consideration.

I have also a few black Negro friends, who keep holy the day on which they were born, and they would also like to be accommodated.

Yours respectfully,

AREDDJ KOOFER.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Do you remember THACKERAY's terrible pictorial satire on Louis XIV.? It consisted of three figures: LUDOVICUS REX in all his pomp, sceptre, and wig; LUDOVICUS, in the centre, shorn of his magnificence, a miserable shivering anatomy, the very incarnation of incompetence; and REX, a lofty and imposing presentation of the mere wig, dress, and sceptre. It made one curiously aware of the old dictum about heroism and valet de chambre—such heroism. Kings do not undress well. Familiarity breeds fearful contempt. The fact is, they are not Kings at all, but only dummies for regal insignia.

CHARLES the FIFTH, for example, was a mighty monarch, and fills a great space in History. But to him may be applied what GOETHE sarcastically said of aristocratic people in general—

"Wären's Bücher man wird sie nicht lesen."

"Were they books instead of men, you would not turn over their leaves"! CHARLES certainly does not shine in the literary department, as may be seen by the *Correspondence* which has recently been published. We looked forward with some curiosity to these letters, but they turn out to be dull and tiresome beyond even kingly warrant. To the writer of History they may be of some slight value, but the reader of History will rather thank us for warming him off the ground. There is one amusing trifle in it, however, illustrative of the graceful propriety with which foreigners spell English names. Sir GRAHAM and M. MENCKTON MILLS are rather splendid efforts compared with *Le duc de Nolphoeq*, by which, anticipating the *Phonetic Nuz*, the Ambassador CHAPUYS designates our DUKE of NORFOLK! In similarly happy sense of "the eternal fitness of things," M. SOUVESTRE talks of "une *spitch*," meaning a speech. We are inclined to accept the axiom, "spelling is a gift," when we see the painstaking errors of all Frenchmen who venture upon English.

In the new number of the *Westminster Review* there is a grave and powerful article on one of the gravest and saddest of all subjects—Prostitution. The public should be grateful to this writer for his manly plain-speaking. Although the subject is intimately connected with our social and domestic condition; although it is one which lies very near the root of society; yet, from mistaken prudery, few men dare to discuss it at all; and perhaps no man yet in Parliament has the courage to bring forward a plain and comprehensive measure. Here is one of the evils of Grundyism, that, while everybody is perfectly aware of the existence of a monstrous gangrene, no one will dare to call in the physician, "because gangrenes must not be mentioned!" What owls we are thus to blaspheme the light!

In France there is some variety to notice. GEORGE SAND announces her *Memoirs* as on the eve of publication; and LAMARTINE has sold the copyright of two new novels, which will shortly appear. EMILE SOUVESTRE has sent forth a new volume, *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*; from what we have already seen it promises to be very interesting. M. BABAUD LARIBIERE has written a *Histoire de l'Assemblée Nationale Constituante*; it will be more interesting some years hence than it is now when the events are but of yesterday.

We mentioned recently that in France the reactionary writers were boldly endeavouring to rehabilitate the Inquisition. Our readers probably thought that was a figure of speech: it was a sad literality. The great organ of the Catholic party, *L'Univers*, with a courage and consistency one rejoices to see anywhere, answers the attacks of M. EUGENE PELLETAN upon the Inquisition, by saying that a "doctrine once established ought not to permit enquiry," and *L'Univers* defends all the violence, all the cruelty, all the treachery, all the bigotry of the Inquisition, as the proper means of suppressing error. There is logic in this, one cannot deny. As CARLYLE is so fond of saying, "This is God's world and not the Devil's; nor shall the Devil have a footing in it." If I have got the Truth shall I not keep it triumphant? As to your troublesome questions respecting my *proofs*, and how I know that the Truth is mine, I naturally enough refuse to answer them. My doctrine is

established: it has the consecration of Respectability; it has the force of—the police; oppose it at your peril!

L'Univers is in error, however, when it says the Inquisition did not strike at intelligence, that "never did it persecute a man for a crime of pure thought." *L'Univers* forgets, as M. PELLETAN remarks, the trial of GALILEO, who "one day thought that the earth turned. The Inquisition thought on the contrary that the earth could not turn without showing a written permission to that effect in the Bible. If it pretended without such permission to gravitate through space, it was declared heretical." But were not all trials persecutions of opinion? And of what use is it to respect opinion and persecute the utterance of opinion?

Men little foresee the lengths to which their tendencies will carry them, give them only line enough; and it is because they do not foresee this that we call up the Inquisition (or something analogous) as the necessary terminus of the limitation of free opinion. What think you, for example, of the *Stadt Commandant* of Vienna, in his insane hatred towards the press of Brunn, prohibiting every journal and every inhabitant of Vienna from pronouncing even the name of the *Brünner Presse*? What! they may not even name it? Even so. Is it not "dangerous," subversive of all society, *et cetera*? We remember very well some years ago the editor of an Austrian journal assuring us that he was not allowed to print any tale in which the hero (unless he were a scoundrel) was a Hungarian; this alarm at Hungary struck us as amusing enough, but to be alarmed at the mere name of a journal passes all bounds. There is no such prohibition of the Gentleman in Black! To be sure he is at least a gentleman, and doesn't disturb our "society!" Him we may name, for, after all, is he so dangerous? But the *Brünner Presse*!... *Donner Wetter*!

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Physico-physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Christianization, and Chemistry, in their relation to Vital Force. By Baron Charles Von Reichenbach. Translated by Dr. Ashburner. Ballière, 1850.

To every one this must appear a remarkable book; to the lovers of marvels it is marvellous; to the scientific man it is puzzling. Of course we know that many will put it down as nonsense, from a peculiar mode of *a priori* reasoning; but we are not so wise as to be able to sneer at Reichenbach, nor so very learned and acute as to be able to look down on Professor Gregory. Otherwise, we might have saved ourselves the trouble of reading through the work, and, instead of a review, written a long essay on the general absurdity of the human race. This book is intended to show the relation between certain powers in animals and certain powers in inanimate nature. The idea is not new; we all believe this generally, and we have felt the want of our knowledge as to the particulars, but never doubted as to the greatness of the field of enquiry. The enquiry will be a long one; it is this kind of knowledge which will teach as how we stand in our relations to all things around us. We are affected by the heavens, by the earth, and the air, by the sun, and by the moon; but how? We are affected by the electricity of the earth, and the warmth of the earth, and the vital force within us is affected by various substances which we use as food, and produced by substances decomposed in the system. We are evidently parts of a whole, deriving our life from the great fountain of life, and breathing into ourselves vitality from the great fountains of vitality around us. We are dependent on the sun for life, and we know not how; we are affected by lightning, and we know not how; we are affected by the growing genial spring, and we know not how; we must welcome any attempt to tell us anything about the matter.

Mr. Morison was right when he objected to the exclusiveness of the professions. We find men entirely abjuring many important truths because they dare not follow what the profession disallows. They will not try experiments because an old lady will decide that she will have no such medical attendants. We know cases where this has conquered men of scientific powers of considerable calibre; and we know also that bad as quackery is it is not so bad as the conservatism of antiquarian notions on science. Scientific men have before them a romance, a field of enquiry, to which no knight errant's wandering can be compared, as far beyond the regions of romance as the wonders of truth have transcended fiction. This book is puzzling, as we said, to philosophers. We know it has puzzled some of the first brains who dare not pronounce upon the contents: some are

silent, bolder men deny. We listen with respect to all men who address us respectfully. We are accustomed to read scientific books, and think that this book shows a well-trained scientific mind. Reichenbach has been well known as an accurate experimenter. We think that there is no class of experiments upon which better reliance can be placed, considering the great difficulty attending them. Yet we also think that after having proved certain points to his own satisfaction, he has been sometimes carried away beyond the region of careful induction, and has, therefore, lost his firm footing; this may happen with the best scientific training. But we prefer to give his researches, perfectly aware that the first step and, consequently, the last depends on the observation of things most difficult to decide upon, but also remembering that no wonders told us in this book are more wonderful than what we most infallibly know to exist. We have nothing more wonderful than the revelations of an unseen world, given us by the microscope, nor the wonders of the telescope, nor the wonders of gravitation, chemical attraction, and physical cohesion. We have here another class of wonders connected less with dead matter than with living fibre, where, of course, we know there are marvels enough, and in which the state of science demands an enquiry, because we have often been told that life is only galvanism and man merely a battery.

The first part now given to us contains the investigations which were before presented to the public in the *Annalen der Chemie Beilage* 1845, and in an abridgement edited in England by Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. The first question which he attempts to answer is, whether the magnet has any influence at all on the touch. Reichenbach says that, out of twenty-three young ladies, eighteen could perceive the magnet, and also that, out of any fifteen or twenty persons, three or four will be found to perceive the influence clearly, if the magnet be drawn downwards over their bodies. Vigorous men and strong healthy women do not perceive it in general. The persons most sensitive to the influence of the magnet were men accustomed to a sedentary occupation, as writing, and girls who spent all their time in sewing. Abundance of subjects were to be found in Vienna, and in large towns where nervous diseases have grown so abundant, whilst these sick, sensitive persons are rare in the country.

The patients he used for his experiments were, first of all, Miss Nowotny, "a young woman of twenty-five years of age, who had suffered for eight years from increasing pains in the head, and from these had fallen into cataleptic fits. In her all the exalted intensity of the senses had appeared, so that she could not bear sun or candle light, saw her chamber as in a twilight, in the darkness of night and clearly distinguished the colours of all the furniture and clothes in it." It was from the exalted state of this patient's senses, that Reichenbach first thought of trying whether a magnet would give out any light, and so come to some conclusion as to the light of the aurora, and he says, "the facts gained that, although invisible to ordinary eyes, coloured, especially white, yellow, and red, lights do issue from magnets, certainly must lead us to surmise that the aurora may be either actually the magnetism itself issuing from the polar regions, or else a direct effect of it."

In a note the translator shows that even thought is something in his own sense of the words; he wills a bar to be placed before a door and a sensitive mesmerised patient cannot enter; he wills a bar on the carpet, and she cannot get over it but falls down insensible. On one occasion he left the bar for an hour and a half, keeping her unconscious all the time. This is a little beyond Reichenbach; but we hope this bar will not be strong enough to keep our readers from going on a little further.

The action of the magnet on the hand was shown to be in some cases attractive, the patient following the magnet as far as she could; but the reciprocal action did not exist at all, there was no inclination for the hand to lift the magnet. This experiment shows an action without a reaction, or it shows what is afterwards more fully explained, an action quite independent of magnetic power. An iron plate was afterwards found to act quite as strongly as a magnet, as far as giving warmth and coolness, even at forty-nine yards distance.

The next experiments were with crystals, they acted quite as powerfully as the magnet, although we know that they have no magnetic power, showing

again that it is not the magnetism but a something else in the magnet in union with the magnetism. Dr. Ashburner is not disposed to yield all these conclusions, and we confess that we were disposed to reason in the following manner. Magnets attract to hand, give warmth and cold at a certain distance: let us grant it. Iron does the same when the magnetic power is gone; all elements do the same, or something similar; some give warmth, some cold: does it not reduce itself to what Dr. Brande said some years ago: The mind and senses are highly exalted, and the reasoning is quiescent, the mind takes in every idea with ease and holds it as a fact, not making any distinction between what is actual and what is merely ideal; and so if you give a patient a magnet or a piece of cheese, you can make light come equally from either, or you could make her look out on London and see all the chimney tops on fire, and make her even assert and believe that you had set the Thames on fire. But we half promised not to reason in spite of an occasional inclination, persuaded that there is at all underneath a something of the highest interest. We find that Brande and others by mere words so act on the minds of their patients, that we almost fear that after all man is but like a flute or a piano played on by every wind that blows, or yielding to any chance pressure.

Some are pleased to call these things imagination: we do not accept this most orthodox explanation until it shall learn to explain itself; imagination is quite as difficult to understand as mesmerism or Odium; it is more complex and much more wonderful than anything asserted by Reichenbach; and we hold that the word should be at once rejected, as by no means explaining any of those mingled Psychological and Physiological Phenomena.

LEIGH HUNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. In 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. (Second Notice)

We had no time last week to express our admiration of these volumes, nor to indicate the devouring delight with which we hurried through them; and then, with leisurely recurrence, turning to the "marked passages," mused upon the picture set before us. It is a book crammed full of pleasant things, and bright with the sudden withdrawals of the veil which hangs over human life. It charms by its wit, its delicately picked style, its genial humour and anecdote, and its subtle appreciations; criticism can but lay down arms, and be delighted in spite of itself! None but the vulgar or the flippant (unhappily both classes are known to journalism!) can treat the work with any feeling but that of tenderest respect; and, if a natural curiosity may be disappointed at its numerous reticences, especially on personal matters, the author may very well reply, "Accept what I have given you, without teasing me for what I have withheld."

We will now cull an extract or two as whets to the appetite.

A POET'S FIRST LOVE.

"Fanny was a lass of fifteen, with little laughing eyes, and a mouth like a plum. I was then (I feel as if I ought to be ashamed to say it) not more than thirteen, if so old; but I had read Tooke's *Pantheon*, and came of a precocious race. My cousin came of one too, and was about to be married to a handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty. I thought nothing of this, for nothing could be more innocent than my intentions. I was not old enough, or grudging enough, or whatever it was, even to be jealous. I thought everybody must love Fanny Dayrell; and if she did not leave me out in permitting it, I was satisfied. It was enough for me to be with her as long as I could; to gaze on her with delight, as she floated hither and thither; and to sit on the stiles in the neighbouring fields, thinking of Tooke's *Pantheon*. My friendship was greater than my love. Had my favourite schoolfellow been ill, or otherwise demanded my return, I should certainly have chosen his society in preference. Three-fourths of my heart were devoted to friendship; the rest was in a vague dream of beauty, and female cousins, and nymphs, and green fields, and a feeling which, though of a warm nature, was full of fear and respect.

"Had the jade put me on the least equality of footing as to age, I know not what change might have been wrought in me; but though too young herself for the serious duties she was about to bring on her, and full of sufficient feckiness and gaiety not to be uninterested with the little black-eyed schoolboy that lingered about her, my vanity was well paid off by hers, for she kept me at a distance by calling me *Petit garçon*. This was no better than the assumption of an elder sister in her teens over a younger one; but the latter feels it, nevertheless; and I persuaded myself that it was particularly cruel. I wished the Abbé Paris at Jamaica with his French. There would she come in her lock and tucker (for she had not left off either), her curls dancing, and her hands

clasped together in the enthusiasm of something to tell me, and when I flew to meet her, forgetting the difference of ages, and alive only to my charming cousin, she would repress me with a little fillop on the cheek, and say, 'Well, *Petit garçon*, what do you think of that?' The worst of it was, that this odious French phrase sat insufferably well upon her plump little mouth. She and I used to gather peaches before the house were up. I held the ladder for her; she mounted like a fairy; and when I stood doating on her, as she looked down and threw the fruit in my lap, she would cry, '*Petit garçon*, you will let 'em all drop!' On my return to school she gave me a locket for a keepsake, in the shape of a heart; which was the worst thing she ever did to the *Petit garçon*, for it touched me on my weak side, and looked like a sentiment. I believe I should have had serious thoughts of becoming melancholy, had I not, in returning to school, returned to my friend, and so found means to occupy my craving for sympathy. However, I wore the heart a long while. I have sometimes thought there was more in her French than I imagined; but I believe not. She naturally took herself for double my age, with a lover of three-and-twenty. Soon after her marriage fortune separated us for many years. My passion had almost as soon died away; but I have loved the name of Fanny ever since; and when I met her again, which was under circumstances of trouble on her part, I could not see her without such an emotion as I was fain to confess to a person 'near and dear,' who forgave me for it; which made me love her the more."

Mrs. Jordan and the delights of playgoing in early life are charmingly painted in this passage:

"Mrs. Jordan was inimitable in exemplifying the consequences of too much restraint in ill educated country girls, in romps, in hoydens, and in wards on whom the mercenary have designs. She wore a bib and tucker, and pinafore, with a bouncing propriety, fit to make the boldest spectator alarmed at the idea of bringing such a household responsibility on his shoulders. To see her when thus attired shed blubbing tears for some disappointment, and eat all the while a great thick slice of bread and butter, weeping, and moaning, and munching, and eyeing at every bite the part she meant to bite next, was a lesson against will and appetite worth a hundred sermons of our friends on board the hoy; and, on the other hand, they could assuredly have done and said nothing at all calculated to make such an impression in favour of amiableness as she did when she acted in gentle, generous, and confiding characters. The way in which she would take a friend by the cheek and kiss her, or make up a quarrel with a lover, or coax a guardian into good-humour, or sing (without accompaniment) the song of *Since then I'm doom'd, or In the Dead of the Night*, trusting, as she had a right to do, and as the house wished her to do, to the sole effect of her sweet, mellow, and loving voice—the reader will pardon me, but tears of pleasure and regret come into my eyes at the recollection, as if she personified whatsoever was happy at that period of life, and which has gone like herself. The very sound of the little familiar word bud from her lips (the abbreviation of husband), as she packed it closer, as it were, in the utterance, and pouted it up with fondness in the man's face, taking him at the same time by the chin, was a whole concentrated world of the power of loving.

"That is a pleasant time of life, the play-going time in youth, when the coach is packed full to go to the theatre, and brothers and sisters, parents and lovers (none of whom, perhaps, go very often), are all wafted together in a flurry of expectation; when the only wish as they go (except with the lovers) is to go as fast as possible, and no sound is so delightful as the cry of 'Bill of the Play'; when the smell of links in the darkest and muddiest winter's night is charming; and the steps of the coach are let down; and a roar of hoarse voices round the door, and mud-shine on the pavement, are accompanied with the sight of the warm-looking lobby which is about to be entered; and they enter, and pay, and ascend the pleasant stairs, and begin to hear the silence of the house, perhaps the first jingle of the awkwardness in descending to their places, and being looked at; and at length they sit, and are become used to by their neighbours, and shawls and smiles are adjusted, and the play-bill is handed round or pinned to the cushion, and the gods are a little noisy, and the music veritably commences, and at length the curtain is drawn up, and the first delightful syllables are heard:—

"Ah! my dear Charles, when did you see the lovely Olivia?"

"Oh! my dear Sir George, talk not to me of Olivia. The cruel guardian, &c."

"Anon the favourite of the party makes his appearance, and then they are quite happy; and next day, besides his own merits, the points of the dialogue are attributed to him, as if he was their inventor. It is not Sir Harry, or old Dorton, or Dugster, who said this or that; but 'Lewis,' 'Munden,' or 'Keeley.' They seem to think the wit really originated with the man who uttered it so delightfully."

Leigh Hunt's whole life has been a protest against utilitarianism, and a vindication of the emotional part of our nature from the blind arithmetic of "practical men;" let us hear him, therefore, sum up

THE CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

"Franklin, with all his abilities, is but at the head of those who think that man lives 'by bread alone.' He will commit none of the follies, none of the intolerances, the absence of which is necessary to the perfection of his system; and in setting his face against these he discommences a great number of things very inimical to higher speculations. But he was no more a fit representative of what human nature largely requires, and may reasonably hope to attain to, than negative represents

positive, or the clearing away a ground in the back settlements, and setting to work upon it, represents the work in its completion. Something of the pettiness and materiality of his first occupation always stuck to him. He took nothing for a truth or a matter-of-fact that he could not handle, as it were, like his types; and yet, like all men of this kind, he was liable, when put out of the ordinary pale of his calculations, to fall into the greatest errors, and substitute the integrity of his reputation for that of whatsoever he chose to do. From never doing wrong in little things, he conceived that he could do no wrong in great; and, in the most deliberate act of his life, he showed he had grievously mistaken himself. He was, I allow, one of the cardinal great men of his time. He was Prudence. But he was not what he took himself for,—all the other Virtues besides; and, inasmuch as he was deficient in those, he was deficient even in his favourite one. He was not Temperance; for, in the teeth of his capital recommendations of that virtue, he did not scruple to get burly and big with the enjoyments that he cared for. He was not Justice; for he knew not how to see fair play between his own wisdom and that of a thousand wants and aspirations, of which he knew nothing; and he cut off his son with a shilling for differing with him in politics. Lastly, he was not Fortitude; for, having few passions and no imagination, he knew not what it was to be severely tried; and if he had been, there is every reason to conclude, from the way in which he treated his son, that his self-love would have been the part in which he felt the torture;—that, as his Justice was only arithmetic, so his Fortitude would have been nothing but stubbornness."

Side by side with this we will hang up the

CHARACTER OF VOLTAIRE.

"It is a curious circumstance respecting the books of Voltaire—the greatest writer upon the whole that France has produced, and undoubtedly the greatest name in the eighteenth century—that to this moment they are far less known in England than talked of; so much so, that, with the exception of a few educated circles, chiefly of the upper class, and exclusively among the men even in those, he has not only been hardly read at all, even by such as have talked of him with admiration, or loaded him with reproach, but the portions of his writings that have had the greatest effect on the world are the least known among readers the most popularly acquainted with him. The reasons of this remarkable ignorance respecting so great a neighbour—one of the movers of the world, and an especial admirer of England—are to be found, first, in the exclusive and timid spirit, under the guise of strength, which came up with the accession of George the Third; second, as a consequence of this spirit, a studious ignoring of the Frenchman in almost all places of education, the colleges and foundations in particular; third, the anti-Gallican spirit which followed and exasperated the prejudice against the French Revolution; and fourth, the very translation and popularity of two of his novels, the *Candide* and *Zadig*, which, though by no means among his finest productions, had yet enough wit and peculiarity to be accepted as sufficing specimens of him, even by his admirers. Unfortunately, one of these, the *Candide*, contained some of his most licentious and even revolting writings. This enabled his enemies to adduce it as a sufficing specimen on their own side of the question; and the idea of him which they succeeded in imposing upon the English community in general was that of a mere irreligious scoffer, who was opposed to everything good and serious, and who did but mingle a little frivolous wit with an abundance of vexatious, hard-hearted, and disgusting effrontery. . . . I have hardly ever met, even in literary circles, with persons who knew anything of Voltaire, except through the medium of these two novels, and of later school editions of his two histories of Charles the Twelfth and Peter the Great; books which teachers of all sorts, in his own country, have been gradually compelled to admit into their courses of reading, by national pride and the imperative growth of opinion. Voltaire is one of the three great tragic writers of France, and excels in pathos; yet not one Englishman in a thousand knows a syllable of his tragedies, or would do anything but stare to hear of his pathos. Voltaire inducted his countrymen into a knowledge of English science and metaphysics, nay, even of English poetry; yet Englishmen have been told little about him in connection with them, except of his disagreements with Shakespeare. Voltaire created a fashion for English thinking, manner, and policy, and fell in love with the simplicity and truthfulness of their very Quakers; and yet, I will venture to say, the English knew far less of all this than they do of a licentious poem with which he degraded his better nature in burlesquing the history of Joan of Arc.

"There are, it is admitted, two sides to the character of Voltaire—one licentious, merely scoffing, saddening, defective in sentiment, and, therefore, wanting the inner clue of the beautiful to guide him out of the labyrinth of scorn and perplexity; all owing, be it observed, to the errors which he found prevailing in his youth, and to the impossible demands which they made on his acquiescence; but the other side of his character is moral, cheerful, beneficent, prepared to encounter peril, nay, actually encountering it in the only true Christian causes, those of toleration and charity, and raising that voice of demand for the advancement of reason and justice which is now growing into the whole voice of Europe. He was the only man, perhaps, that ever existed who represented in his single person the entire character, with one honourable exception (for he was never sanguinary), of the nation in which he was born; nay, of its whole history, past, present, and to come. He had the licentiousness of the old monarchy under which he was bred, the cosmopolite ardour of the revolution, the science of the consulate and the 'savans,' the unphilosophic love of glory of the empire, the worldly wisdom (without pushing it into folly) of Louis Philippe, and the changeful humours, the firmness, the weakness, the flourishing declamation,

the sympathy with the poor, the *bonhomie*, the unbounded hopes, of the best actors in the extraordinary scenes now acting before the eyes of Europe in this present year 1850. As he himself could not construct as well as he could pull down, so neither do his countrymen, with all the goodness and greatness among them, appear to be less truly represented by him in that particular than in others; but in pulling down he had the same vague desire of the best that could set up; and when he was most thought to oppose Christianity itself, he only did it out of an impatient desire to see the law of love triumphant, and was only thought to be the adversary of its spirit because his revilers knew nothing of it themselves.

"Voltaire, in an essay written by himself in the English language, has said of Milton, in a passage which would do honour to our best writers, that when the poet saw the *Adamo di Andreini* at Florence he 'pierced through the absurdity of the plot to the hidden majesty of the subject.' It may be said of himself that he pierced through the conventional majesty of a great many subjects to the hidden absurdity of the plot. He laid the axe to a heap of savage abuses; pulled the corner-stones out of dungeons and inquisitions; bowed and mocked the most tyrannical absurdities out of countenance; and raised one prodigious peal of laughter at superstition from Naples to the Baltic. He was the first man who got the power of opinion and common sense openly recognised as a reigning authority; and who made the acknowledgment of it a point of wit and cunning, even with those who had hitherto thought they had the world to themselves."

This amazing ignorance of Voltaire we can corroborate; but it should also be added that an ignorance as great, *toute proportion gardée*, exists in France respecting the works of this admirable writer. He has been so vilified by the one set, and sneered at as "superficial" by the other, that a man requires some courage to avow his admiration. Even such a writer as Philaretus Chasles, who has undertaken the article "Voltaire" for a recent *Cyclopædia*, is afraid of "committing himself" by admiring Voltaire, and repeats the old stereotyped absurdities respecting him.

There are many "confessions" in these volumes; but here are two passages brought together worthy of attention from all public writers (he is speaking of his first editorial grandeur, when the *Examiner* was started):—

A LESSON FOR JOURNALISTS.

"At other times, especially on serious occasions, I too often got into a declamatory vein, full of what I thought fine turns and Johnsonian antithesis. The new office of editor conspired with my success as a critic to turn my head. I wrote, though anonymously, in the first person, as if, in addition to my theatrical pretensions, I had suddenly become an oracle in politics; the words philosophy, poetry, criticism, statesmanship, nay, even ethics and theology all took a final tone in my lips; and when I consider the virtue as well as knowledge which I demanded from everybody whom I had occasion to speak of, and of how much charity my own juvenile errors ought to have considered themselves in need (however they might have been warranted by conventional allowance), I will not say I was a hypocrite in the odious sense of the word, for it was all done out of a spirit of folly and 'fine writing'; and I never affected any formal virtues in private; but when I consider all the nonsense and extravagance of those assumptions—all the harm they must have done me in discerning eyes, and all the reasonable amount of resentment which it was preparing for me with adversaries, I blush to think what a simpleton I was, and how much of the consequences I deserved. It is out of no ostentation of candour that I make this confession. It is extremely painful to me."

"But with the inexperience and presumption of youth, I was too much in the habit of confounding difference of opinion with dishonest motives. I did not see (and it is strange how people, not otherwise wanting in common sense or modesty, can pass whole lives without seeing) that if I had a right to have good motives attributed to myself by those who differed with me in opinion, I was bound to reciprocate the concession. I did not reflect that political antagonists have generally been born and bred in a state of antagonism, and that for any one of them to demand identity of opinion from another on pain of his being thought a man of bad motives, was to demand that he should have had the antagonist's father and mother as well as his own—the same training, the same direction of conscience, the same predilections and very prejudices; not to mention that good motives themselves might have induced a man to go counter to all these, even had he been bred in them; which, in one or two respects, was the case with myself."

The history of the *Examiner* is given at some length, together with specimens of its articles, and the whole of the article for which he and his brother were fined £1000 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. It will amuse the modern reader to see what was considered "a firebrand" in those days. Still greater amusement is there in the account of his imprisonment, his jailer, and the visitors who came to see him—Hazlitt, Shelley, Byron, Bentham (who found him playing at battledore, in which he took part, and, with his usual eye towards improvement, suggested an amendment in the constitution of shuttlecocks!),

not to mention the Lambs and other intimates. Here is a picture of

A POET IN PRISON.

"I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my book-cases were set up with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale."

"But I possessed another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the "*Parnaso Italiano*" while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:—

"Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato."

BALDI.

"My little garden,
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and meadow, and wood."

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affected to think myself hundreds of miles off.

"But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables; but it contained a cherry-tree, which I saw twice in blossom. I paraded out the ground in my imagination into favourite districts. I made a point of dressing myself as if for a long walk; and then, putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner if I was too late. My eldest little boy, to whom Lamb addressed some charming verses on the occasion, was my constant companion, and we used to play all sorts of juvenile games together. It was, probably, in dreaming of one of these games (but the words had a more touching effect on my ear) that he exclaimed one night in his sleep, 'No: I'm not lost; I'm found.' Neither he nor I were very strong at that time; but I have lived to see him a man of forty; and wherever he is found, a generous hand and a great understanding will be found together."

A father may be excused from saying more than that, parental eulogies not being received with unlimited confidence, but the present writer cannot resist saying that, in that "man of forty," there is more love, more benevolence, more unaffected sympathy with suffering and error wherever it may be found, more of the great stoical virtue of endurance combined with a gentleness and generosity the Stoics never thought of, more of the chivalrous spirit, more of the true gentleman according to the highest ideal we can frame, and consequently a greater power of inspiring unbounded attachment than in any man we ever met with. There are but few persons who will understand to whom this allusion is made; nor is it made for their peculiar information; it is rather the irrepressible utterance of a feeling which has animated the writer for many years. Some few will shake hands with us over the passage, and exclaim, "That's true!" The others may read on and wonder, as they would in some old palimpsest, where, between the lines of a monkish homily, appear the faint traces of an ancient hymn to friendship.

To return to the Autobiography. A circumstantial account of the journey to Italy, and his connection with Lord Byron (robbed of all the asperity which was visible in the famous "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries") is followed by a somewhat scrambling review of his life since then, written against the grain, and very much less interesting than the other portions. On the whole, we find in these three volumes rather what may be called "passages from the Life of Leigh Hunt" than any regular autobiography. Perhaps no man can write his own life well, with the consciousness that it is to be published while he is still moving amidst the scenes. But, such as it is, with its glimpses of the author's life, and its reminiscences of such men as West, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, Keats, Byron, Shelley, and others, it forms a charming book to be read, and reread, and reread again.

SMITH'S SOCIAL ASPECTS.

Social Aspects. By John Stores Smith, Author of "Mirabeau; a Life History." John Chapman.

We have high expectations of Mr. Smith. He will, we are persuaded, play a distinguished part in the

world. Whoever remembers his extraordinary boyish venture, "*Mirabeau*," which it was difficult to read, owing to the detestable mimicry of Carlyle, and amazing juvenility and crudity of views, and which, nevertheless, did carry you on by its force, its vivacity, and its narrative power—whoever remembers that audacious production, and reads the serious earnest book now issued, will agree with us that so rapid an advance in intellectual breadth, vigor, and independence indicates a mind capable of maturing into something remarkable. Traces of juvenility there are; traces of deficient experience suggesting hasty generalizations; traces of the author's not having lived enough to be able to get beneath the surface of some subjects, not having thought enough to be able to utter anything new upon these old familiar themes. But, viewed absolutely, it is no commonplace book, and viewed relatively, it is admirable. Carlyle is still the prophet to whose eloquence Mr. Smith reverently listens; but he has rid himself of all mockery of Carlyle's manner. He has taken up Carlyle's ideas, assimilated them into his own mind, and reproduced them in an honest manner.

The idea of the book is this: All nations decay because they *overrefine*, and lose in comforts, luxuries, pomps, shows, and effeminacies, the manliness which alone can animate an empire. The cause of national decay, he says:—

"The cause of all national decay, as of all national prosperity, originates in the social condition of the people themselves; and that, therefore, the most insignificant domestic, social, and religious tendencies are intrinsically of more importance than wars and orations, and senatorial conflicts, which are, indeed, but the weather-cocks, and not the wind. To this the practice of England is one huge denial. Almost the whole of the energy and the intelligence of the country are concentrated upon politics, to the total neglect of social advancement. Week after week in every newspaper are three or four articles on some political movement, frequently quite an unimportant one; now lamenting a retrogression, now indignantly exposing an imposture, or loudly calling attention to a dangerous manifestation; but when was there seen an article calling the like attention to any such social manifestation? But rarely. The social interference of newspapers is, for the most part, confined to the salaries of town clerks and the election of beadles. See, also, with what might and determination the whole intelligence of the nation set itself to repeal the corn-laws; what perseverance, energy, and earnest devotion were expended to gain that end; and now that that end is gained, have we not the same perseverance and devotedness called into play for other political causes? Men leave their homes at an evening, and rush excited to large halls and meeting rooms, to strain their throats and expend their energies in effecting the saving to themselves of a few annual pence; but to ameliorate the social condition of England, to discover its evils and its evil tendencies, and to reform them, and to elevate the tone of thought and living, there are but few orators parading the land, few monster gatherings, or bushels of pamphlets or expended energies. Surely, this is very monstrous. I do not seek to disparage the political reformer; I acknowledge his importance, and take him to heart as a true and judicious labourer in the good cause; but I do say that it is monstrous that well nigh all the intellect and the action of the country should be turned upon legislative matters, especially when social affairs are the more vitally important. The two reforms should always go hand in hand. Let those whose genius prompts them to political action begin at once and follow it up as fully and as bravely as they can; but let us have at least an equal amount of thought and intellect directed to observing our social manifestations, and suggesting remedies where they find them to be wrong."

He, therefore, undertakes to examine our present *Social Aspects*. He is wearied of the perpetual self-glorification which goes on in public. Leaving to others the easy task of trumpeting the glories of our day he proposes to confine himself to an enunciation of its evil features. He will not content himself with bare comparison; he will test the age by absolute standards. He stands up, therefore, as a Cato the Censor on a small scale. An octavo Jeremiah, outraged by Manchester.

In the first of these *Social Aspects* he discovers our domestic tendencies to be all vicious, inasmuch as we put show for substance:—

"Plain living and high thinking are no more."

We set our hopes upon "party giving" and "large circle of acquaintances." There is considerable truth in his strictures, mixed, however, with too much of the Circulating Library view of life; but we entirely sympathize with the spirit of his criticism. In that on "Immorality" he touches upon but a part of the question; in the chapter on the education and position of woman there is little but worn out declamation and superficial views. In that on the Aristocracy of Mammon, Carlyle's voice is heard energetically denouncing this "monster evil." There

is hard hitting in this chapter. He laughs at the notion of our Cotton Lords being any improvement upon the Feudal Lords:—

"A battle is said to have been fought, a victory accomplished; let us survey the battle-field, let us estimate the victory. Instead of being a great protest of humanity against inhumanity, we find it to have been simply a conflict between clique and clique. The monied men of the nation have succeeded in getting their right to be proud, their right to a higher position in man's respect than the unmonied, acknowledged by the people. That is all."

The Mammon spirit breathes upon our age and infects even the noblest schemes:—

"High-sounding Christian schemes of no war and universal peace are afloat, but how, for the most part, advocated? By pointing to the expenses of the last war, as they stand in the grand mammoth of the national debt. An attempt to govern a nation by laws believed to be from God, has never been made, except by the Puritans; the idea of such a thing has been ridiculed and scoffed at, until at length the genius of the Economists has discovered that to carry out certain of Christ's precepts would benefit trade and preserve and increase capital. No sooner is that demonstrated than peace principles, *et cetera*, progress; and the idea of legislating on Christian principles is not ridiculed as Utopian any more, now that to do so can be shown to have a tendency to reduce taxes and foster commerce: were the carrying out of these things proved to be expensive and injurious to commercial money-amassing, how paralyzed would the anti-war agitation speedily become! And yet they are generally believed to be the positive commandments of God himself. It therefore appears that modern middle-class politics, as regards this subject, go upon the principle that it is advisable to carry out in our home and foreign policy what are received by most as the teachings of the God of the universe, whenever so doing is in conformity with the more congenial edicts of the great God-Mammon."

Association and Moral Mechanism—Literature—the Duties and Vocation of the Literary Man—and the Spiritual are in turns summoned up at the Rhadamantus seat of our inflexible censor, who speaks more like a priest than a social critic, for he allows of no falling short of the abstract excellence. Thus he says, truly enough:—

"On every hand we find a respectable conformity to established rules of religious propriety; but earnest devotion to God we do not find. We find respectable men, breaking no law of society, never overstepping the line of a conventional religiousness, either by an open flagrant sin, or an energetic good. They conform to some sect, attend its services punctually, pay subscriptions freely and regularly, and run a round of arid respectability with the monotony of machines, never bursting forth into the full, world-despising spontaneity of a spiritual life. And this is what is accounted religion in the world—this is what satisfies the most zealous pastors; and yet it is all a pure matter of social arrangement, as are the forms of introduction, of eating, or of dancing. Men go to church, not to pray, nor to worship; of the idea of the human soul prostrating itself before its eternal Maker, and crying in passionate, David-like fervour for pardon and for strength, they have no conception. It is respectable to go to church, and they go. They give guineas to charities, but such a matter of business is it that, if they be in trade, they mostly place them to their trade expenses as a kind of semi-religious rent or tax; but a levithanic charity that shall be felt,—a selling of 'all that they possess,' they never hear of and never entertain. Nay, have we not this anomaly perpetrated, more or less, in every town, in every clique of men? You shall find a spiritual man, believing in God, in truth, in purity, endeavouring to the best of his ability to stand firm to truth and purity, cost it what it may; actually leading an almost irreproachably Christian life; and yet because simply his conscience forbids him to attend the worship of a sect, you shall see him subjected to the Englishman's hell, and not 'get on,' owing to the conventional disapprobation which he incurs by so violating respectability in these matters. At the same time you shall see another, a dissolute, bad, un-Christian man, who does attend, as a form, some church or chapel, looked upon with favour by ministers and by men. It is a fact, that ministers of Christ's gospel, and society at large, prefer a dissolute man who has no worthy ideas of God or religion at all, but who conforms to the church-attending law, and gives his guineas to oil the church machinery, to the vividly religious, good man who cannot so conform. For, as I said, Christianity has sunk into a mere conventional convenience, a worldly arrangement, and has ceased to be a life-and-death eternal fact, superior to all arrangements of society. The world is impatient of the man who is sceptical of Christianity; but it is even more so of the man who believes in it with his whole heart and soul, and would strive, at all costs, to realize it."

True, most true; and yet one must say that it has ever been so since the world began. Spirituality in any constant or exalted state was never found to characterize a whole people; therefore we cannot see the decay of England in that aspect of our social discrepancy.

On the whole there is matter for thought in this book; and our slight outline of its contents conveys but a very inadequate idea of it. Force, earnestness, and closeness are its characteristics. It may do good in stray quarters; it cannot do harm.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Historical Analysis of Christian Civilization. By Professor de Vericour, Queen's College, Cork. John Chapman.

There is obvious advantage in all historical summaries like the present, as furnishing a general outline which special studies hereafter may fill up, or as reviving the general impressions which historical studies have left in the mind. History is a subject so vast in its importance, so vast and complex also in its details, that the mind becomes bewildered in the inextricable confusion of states, empires, heroes, and policies, unless some general classification have been previously laid out in the mind, enabling us to follow any one point through its course without losing the general connection of the whole. Professor de Vericour's book has great superiority over the ordinary text-books and manuals, inasmuch as it is written with a more distinct purpose, and is guided by general principles. His object is not to produce a handbook of modern history, but to trace throughout modern history the law of progress and the application of Christian principles. It is thus the philosophy of modern history rather than a manual; but it is not a work of mere generalizations: leave out the philosophy and there is still a text-book of dry historical fact as a residuum. The utility of such a mixed work may be gathered from this fact: We who differ extremely from Professor de Vericour on almost all points of historical philosophy can, nevertheless, profit by his historical survey. Those who can admit his calm assumptions and accept his sweeping generalizations will find the work suggestive and instructive. To the orthodox it will be extremely valuable; and we have little doubt that it will become popular in colleges and schools.

The Ministry of the Beautiful. By Henry James Slack, F.G.S., of the Middle Temple. Bentley.

Reveries in prose. The object of the book is to present "some of the truths which form the basis of our philosophy in their character of verities of the imagination and the heart, as well as the intellect;" but the execution fails from vagueness and want of life. With considerable powers of writing there is no effect produced. Prose is not the proper vehicle for such thoughts.

Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy. A Summer Ramble. By Charles Richard Weld. J. W. Parker.

Impossible to travel over pleasant ground with a less agreeable companion. In this respect Mr. Weld stands in contrast with Mr. Clark, whose delightful *Gaspacho* we reviewed the other day. Like Mr. Clark he has nothing but his own trivial adventures to communicate, but unlike Mr. Clark he has not the lively, genial style, which can make trivialities agreeable. It is a summer ramble by a mere Englishman during a vacation. It tells us nothing new; it tells us what is old in an old manner. The trash and twaddle such a man might suffer to escape him in conversation or in a letter, has here been pretentiously gathered into a book. Mr. Weld has no idea how he betrays himself by a thousand slight touches, and how ridiculous the position he sometimes naively assumes in his criticisms on the French people whom, we take the liberty of informing him, he understands no better than the vulgarst cockney just landed at *Boalong*, and all those jaunty airs of superiority which he gives himself are but exhibitions of fatuity. The book is provoking not only from the want of agreeableness in the author, but also from its poverty. There are no pictures; there are no good stories; there are no social observations. It is destitute of extractable matter, and lured us to the end in the vain hope of finding one passage worth quoting.

The Flower and the Star; or, the Course of a Stream. A child's story.

Wild Flowers for Children. By Mr. Honeysuckle.

Master Woodbine's Alphabet.

The Young Ladybird's Alphabet.

The Good Child's Alphabet.

The Tiny Alphabet.

C. Honeysuckle.

We have subjected these little books to the fairest and most fearless of all criticism, viz., that of children. They have been placed in the hands of boys from three years up to seven, and a verdict of unqualified delight has been given. The fairy story was found a little hazy, and some of the objects were coloured so as to mislead the little critics; but on the whole there was great clapping of hands, and we have never been able to get the books away again: which looks like a practical compliment to them better than any sentence we could turn in their praise.

Favorite Song Birds. Being a popular Description of the Feathered Songsters of Britain, with an Account of their Haunts, Habits, and Characteristic Traits. Edited by H. G. Adams. Parts I. and II. W. S. Orr.

An excellent idea well executed. The nightingale and goldfinch are the birds treated of in these two parts.

Sermons. By the Reverend Joseph Sortain, A.B., Minister of North-street Chapel, Brighton. Longman and Co.

Homoeopathy and its Principles Explained. By John Epps, M.D. J. W. Piper.

Moral Reflections, Sentences, and Maxims of Francis Duc de la Rochefoucauld. Newly translated from the French. With an introduction and notes. Longman and Co.

The City of the Jugglers; or, Free-Trade in Soula. A Romance of the "Golden" Age. By W. North, Author of "Anti-Coningsby," "The Impostor," &c. With four highly-finished etchings by F. H. T. Bellow. H. J. Gibbs.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

The Universalist. For June and July.

The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Review.

Fraser's Magazine.

The Westminster Review.

Eliza Cook's Journal.

London Medical Examiner.

Monthly Review.

Household Narrative.

Household Words.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

THE OCEAN MONARCH IN DANGER.—The end of this book is to proclaim danger; the feather has been flung up, and we find that Euroclydon and Sirocco are abroad. And we find that with a lazy dreaming crew there is small hope for the salvation of the vessel. This Ocean Monarch drifting among the breakers demands an energetic crew, cannot spare a single hand from the necessary labour. Deeper and deeper does she sink; higher and higher is the water in her hold. A few on board see the danger; but one-half of the crew is boisterously rude and ignorant of all vital knowledge; and the other half, that has the power to save, the means and the influence and the knowledge, lolls listlessly in the saloons amid perfumes and delicacies, lapsing a languid "let us alone" to all who come to warn them. Nay more: such heaps of fashionable fripperies have they; such a chaos of packages, of pier-glasses, roughe-pots and épergnes, that the one chief cause of the vessel's foundering is the ponderosity of their accumulated trash. Who shall gain say, therefore, that the only chance for this poor Ocean Monarch is that the uncluttered portion be taught to assist as speedily as may be; and that the fripperies of the others be cast remorselessly overboard, and their owners shaken into life, so that they shall leave their dreamy saloons and come and save the vessel?—*Social Aspects*, by J. S. Smith.

COÖPERATION AMONG WORKING MEN.—It is stated that, within not many years past, £3,000,000 sterling have been expended in this country in strikes for wages. I do not think the working classes have been paid interest upon that outlay. Here is a capital! The men that can raise even in the course of years such a sum as this must be able, when they apply themselves with determination to the purpose, to realize capital enough to make themselves masters of engines, which work now only for the benefit of individual capitalists. Your steam-engine is impartial, and is no respecter of persons: he will work as much for the labourer as for the lord. He will work for those who use him best, who have the greatest knowledge how to employ his mighty and varied powers. The time will indeed be a happy one when, by coöperation thus applied, steam and other great mechanical powers shall work not for individuals only, but for the mass of the community; when they sustain the great amount of human toil, when their contributions to the public good are realized by those who most need them. It is said that there are legal difficulties in the way of such coöperation. It is a great shame that it should be; and the subject is well worth probing to the bottom as to such difficulties.—*W. J. Fox.*

THE SOUL OF GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.—We can get nothing in this world worth keeping, not as much as a principle or a conviction, except out of purifying flame or through strengthening peril. We err; we fall; we are humbled—then we walk more carefully. We greedily eat and drink poison out of the gilded cup of vice, or from the beggar's wallet of avarice; we are sickened, degraded; everything good in us rebels against us; our souls rise bitterly indignant against our bodies; there is a period of civil war; if the soul has strength, it conquers and rules thereafter.—*Currier Bell.*

A BRIEF ORITARY.—I remember a story told of the late Dr. Thomas Warton, the poet-laureate, who was at no time fond of minute detail in conversation, being asked by an old lady for an account of all the particulars of his grandmother's death, and this when he was very intent on a very interesting slice of venison. "Madam," said the poet abruptly, "she died suddenly!" This stopped all further investigation, and left him in the quiet enjoyment of his dinner.—*Duncan's Essays and Miscellanea.*

SOUL OF ANIMALS.—What do we know of the ox, but to eat his beef, and make trade with his hide and horns? What of the sheep, but his mutton and his wool? Of the elephant?—we know that he furnishes us with ivory, and that he is a wise beast, and comprehends many things that relate to us; but there our knowledge of all that is within him stops abruptly. We see him die—his body decays, his bones lie strewn about like a great wreck,—and we conclude there is an end of him for ever and ever. Why so? The same fate awaits ourselves, yet we have very different expectations. The physical conformation of all animals being identical in principle with our own—one general law, with special adaptations—and the apparent, or physical, finality of us all being exactly the same, can be no sort of argument for the annihilation of any class, however inferior. We assume that dumb creatures die for ever—more absolutely than the grass they eat, which springs up again in its season: but, honestly speaking, we know no more of the matter than the dumb creatures themselves. When the dog, whose intelligence and faithfulness had won our admiration and regard, stretches himself out and dies, a something has departed very different from the poor skin and bones which remain. What has become of it? Oh, it was merely instinct. Well, where is that gone? Perhaps it has gone out like a candle-flame blown by the wind, and lost in the wide atmosphere! A death-puff has settled it. But the candle-flame has no instinct, no perceptions; its diffusion is not the same thing as the departure of the smallest degree of affection or intelligence. "What!" it will be asked, "do you argue an immortality for the dumb creatures?" Certainly not; but we do think some inference would be far more logical by close analogy, than their utter annihilation. Hath not a dog eyes? hath not a dog limbs?—organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed and cooled with the same winter and summer that a prize-fighter is? We do not argue for the perpetuity of dumb animals, but only say there is a something within them which, by whatever name it be called, is spiritually distinct from their material organization; and all we do is to ask, "What becomes of that something?" How do we appear to these our dumb companions in the world? Some of them, our domestics, regard us

with familiar eyes of mutual understanding, to a considerable extent, such as the dog and the horse. So, in a less and lower degree, does the cow; but the bull always looks at you with uplifted inquiry and defiance: "Man delights not him." The sight of a woman in a red cloak (to invert the story of the blind man, who, being asked what idea he had of scarlet, replied that it seemed to him like the sound of a trumpet) often appears to excite the imagination of the bull to a warlike mood. But while various domestic animals, and birds too, regard us with a sort of "knowing" look, others stare at us with a vague wonder, hopeless of understanding our strange conformation and behaviour. Again, another set of them seem to speculate upon us; try to make us out; endeavour to break through the inexplicable barrier that divides us; hold their heads on one side; sniff, give nervous starts, and cock their ears. The majority, however, either fear us, and make off; or else take no sort of notice of us.—*Science in Fable.*

The Arts.

RACHEL.

A CROWDED house welcomed the great tragic actress on Monday night; but although she was called for at the end of the second, fourth, and fifth acts to receive the applause of her admirers,—although the murmur and the shudder which from time to time ran through the audience showed that she was appreciated by some present, yet there was no enthusiasm, no tumult of applause such as proceeds from an entire audience wrought to excitement by a powerful artist. Whose fault? Was Rachel incompetent to produce a grand effect, or were the people incompetent to understand it? Considering the amount of knowledge and taste usually displayed on the subject of the French Drama, and bearing in view the assiduity with which every third spectator read the play while it was going forward, our verdict is unequivocal. Of the few persons in the theatre competent to appreciate a fine work of art, there was a small section who could pretend to relish Racine. The answer is always ready: French Art is so French (as if that were wonderful!) and so unnatural (as if the aim of Art was to be natural!) and so cold (especially to us who do not feel the language!) These critics never ask themselves how it is that a work of art like the *Phédre*, can have withstood the tests of criticism, fluctuations of opinion, and schoolboy familiarity for nearly two centuries, incessantly performed, incessantly read, once the delight of all Europe and ever the glory and delight of France, and yet be a cold, unnatural, uninteresting production. Excellent critics! They form their views of Art exclusively upon the Shakespeare model, and aiding their prejudices with an adequate ignorance of the language (though invariably "mistaken for Frenchmen") pronounce Racine "no poet." Schiller and Goethe may be tolerated because they are Shakespearean; Sophocles also gets a good word on the same ground; while Calderon is spoken of with reverence, because the Schlegels in a delirium of error pronounced him equal to—nay, superior to Shakespeare! As for Alfieri, Racine, and Corneille, they are scouted because they are not Shakespearean. In the same Catholic spirit, Titian is held of no account by some who worship Raffaele; Caravaggio "wants art," because he has not the manner of Correggio.

We have indicated the current opinion to explain why Rachel is not properly appreciated. You cannot be intensely excited by a work you do not understand. Nor is it the best way to judge of an actress to keep your eyes fixed upon a book (we once saw a lady in a private box not content with her book, but absolutely hunting out the words in her dictionary!) when so eloquent a book is before you in her face. Nevertheless, there were persons in the house who did feel the greatness of the art they witnessed, who were moved to the very depths, whose murmurs and bursts of applause told how their souls were thrilled; and even our friends whose eyes were fixed upon their books were sufficiently moved by the mere tones of her voice, the passion of her speech so eloquently expressing the passion of the poetry to bravo and clap their hands with something like enthusiasm.

Nothing finer could be seen than this picture of the unutterable mournfulness and yielding despair of a soul torn with an incestuous passion, conscious of its guilt, struggling with its guilt, yet so filled with it, so moved by it, so possessed by it, that the verse was realized:—

"C'est Venus toute entière à sa proie attachée."

Her entrance as she appeared, wasting away with the fire that consumed her, standing on the verge of the grave, her face pallid, her eyes hot, her arms and hands emaciated, filled us with a ghastly horror; and the slow deep mournful tuning of the apostrophe to the sun, especially in that closing line,—

"Soleil, je te viens voir pour la dernière fois,"

produced a thrill, such as no spoken language seemed capable of producing: one looks to music only for such emotion. Then, again, how exquisitely remorseful and pathetic the lines:—

"Graces au ciel, mes mains ne sont point criminelles,
Pâti aux Dieux que mon cœur fût innocent comme elles;"

(which is a beautiful rendering of the line in Euripides, *χαρις μὲν ἀγνὰ, φῆρ δ' ἔχει μακάρα*). But the whole of this scene was inexpressibly affecting, and in gesture, look, tone, and conception in the very highest style of tragic art. There was but one defect (the *Times* considers it a beauty), and that was the mode of uttering the famous *c'est toi qui l'as nommé*, which we take to have been a misconception of its meaning, the more remarkable from the intense truth with which she gave the hurrying horror of the preceding lines, where with a shiver between each phrase, yet irresistibly impelled to utter her thoughts, she said:—

"Tu vas ouïr le comble des horreurs...
J'aime... à ce nom fatal je tremble, je frissonne."

Énone. Qui?

Phèdre. Tu connois ce fils de l'Amazone

Ce prince si long temps par moi même opprimé...

Énone. Hippolyte! Grand dieux!

Phèdre. C'est toi qui l'as nommé!

This she uttered in a sorrowfully reproachful tone, "which," says the *Times*, "was beautifully touching." It was so; but is that Racine's meaning? Ought not the line to be uttered with a sort of eager throwing upon Énone of all the horror of the thing by naming it? She has kept her love long a secret; it is a crime; to utter it is horrible; and Énone utters it by naming Hippolyte. The meaning is, 'Tis you, not I, that have dared to mention his name. This meaning we take to be also that of Euripides in the passage from which Racine translated it *οὐ τὰδ' αὖτ' ἐμὲ κλύεις*. Otherwise a fine dramatic touch is lost; and instead of a subtle exhibition of the sophistication of passion we have a commonplace line.

In the second act, where she declares her passion, Rachel was transcendent. There was a subtle indication of the diseased passion, of its fiery but unhealthy—irresistible and yet odious—character, in the febrile energy with which she portrayed it. It was terrible in its vehemence and abandonment; eloquent in its horror; fierce and rapid, as if the thoughts were crowding upon her brain in tumult, and varied with such amazing compass of tones, that when she left the scene our nerves were quivering with excitement almost insupportable. The storm of rage, jealousy, and despair lit up the fourth act as with flashes of lightning. Every one who has seen Rachel will remember the intense expression she throws into single words, varying thus the music of her delivery; but we never remember anything so terrific as her

"Miserable! et je vis!"

Other passages we have been accustomed to hear her deliver with more effect than on Monday—indeed the traces of ill health or of declining power were very visible—but this one passage reached the very height of passionate power.

The other performers were indifferent. Now, in different acting can be put up with in Shakespeare, but in Racine it is fatal. Unless those beautiful verses are spoken with an excellent gusto, a sort of song—which unhappily those who strive after it mistake for sing-song—and unless this ideal world be represented in an ideal manner, it becomes excessively uninteresting. This is not the poet's fault, however. Give Racine to actors of anything like the calibre of Rachel, and what a consummation of delight would result!

On Wednesday Rachel performed "Roxane" in *Bajazet*. It is in striking contrast with her "Phèdre." She is a born empress. Her grace, her distinction, her simple dignity, the ineffable majesty of her attitudes and gestures, crowned as they are by that small but singularly intellectual head, make her the most queenly woman now to be seen anywhere. Where has she learnt her dignity? It was given her by God! This little Jewess, picked up from the streets, whose face would be common and insignificant were it not lighted up with an expression which makes it ever-memorable, she carries herself with more queenly grace of deportment than any throned monarch. Her most enchanting quality is after all perhaps her grace.

"Roxane" is a fine part, but not one of her finest. Who ever will forget the tone in which she utters the words "une rivale," a tone so pregnant with the exasperation of jealous scorn? Or the intensity of her reproach:

"Lâche, indigne du jour que je t'avais laissé."

Or the calm settled irony, making one's blood run cold, of her reply to "Atalide's" assurance that he loves her still,

"Il y va de sa vie, au moins, que je le croie."

The famous point—"Sortes!"—was given with incomparable dignity; and equally fine in its way her handling of the letter which is brought to her as found upon "Atalide" and written by "Bajazet." She shadowed out the marvellous tampering with the heart, the irritable sophistication of one dreading to be deceived yet unable to shut her eyes to the horrible fact, crumpling the letter, trying to despise it, yet irresistibly attracted towards it.

On Friday she was to play "Polyeucte;" but this

was too late in the week for us, and we must recur to it in our next. On Monday she is to play in Scribe's new piece *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.

Of English theatricals we have nothing to chronicle. Benefit nights are frequent and tell of closing seasons.

THE LYRIC DRAMA.

I Capuletti ed i Montecchi has been the novelty at Her Majesty's Theatre, for the purpose of bringing out Mademoiselle Parodi in one of Pasta's great parts. It is an early work of Bellini—coming between the *Straniera* and *La Sonnambula*—and bears his signature on every page of the score. Those whose ears have been tortured by the pretentious confusion of Verdi and Halévy, will listen with delight to its flow of simple melody; and, if there are no airs in it so touching, so lingering in their sweetness, so tender and graceful that they never satiate, such as make *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, and *I Puritani* eternally delightful, there are, nevertheless, the germs of much that Bellini subsequently developed, and phrases of melody which caress the ear, and carry one through the opera without weariness. The instrumentation is bald even to naïveté. Bellini cared for nothing but melody, and the orchestra to him was the simplest of accompaniments.

It is fortunate for English audiences that Signor Romani has written a libretto of his own, and not travestied Shakespeare. At the rising of the curtain the partisans of Capulet are assembled in his palace to receive the news that "Romeo," the head of the Montecchi (there is no "old Montague"), is coming to propose terms of peace. All are for resistance, and "Tebaldo," to whom the hand of "Giulietta" is promised, is among the most ardent. The entrance of "Romeo," offering to terminate the hostility of the two houses by marrying "Giulietta," produces a spirited scene, the refusal of his offer calling forth a defiance from "Romeo" in a really dramatic scene, admirably declaimed by Parodi, who here rose to the climax of her power. The next scene introduces "Giulietta" (Madame Frezzolini), with a pretty cabaletta, prettily sang. "Lorenzo" (a physician, not a friar) brings "Romeo" to her, and a commonplace duet finishes the scene. The next scene is very striking. "Giulietta" and "Tebaldo" are about to be married, when "Romeo" endeavours to carry her off by force; the quintette in this finale was finely sung by Parodi, Frezzolini, Gardoni, Belletti, and Lorenzo, and produced an unanimous encore. The second act is occupied with the incident of the sleeping-draught. "Giulietta" in vain endeavours to shake the resolution of her father, whose transient tinge of remorse gives occasion to the only bass aria of the piece. "Romeo" and "Tebaldo" meet near the palace, and are about to fight, when the funeral procession, with "Giulietta's" bier, passes along, and converts the rage of the rivals into sorrow. The duet between these two characters, first expressing mutual defiance and afterwards grief, affords excellent opportunities to the vocalists, and brings this act also to an effective conclusion. The third act is in the cemetery of the Capulets. When "Romeo" has swallowed the poison, and before he dies, "Giulietta" has an interview with him, and, after a highly dramatic scene, falls on his dead body. This is the great dramatic act of the piece, and the one on which its success mainly depends, when a first-rate histrionic artist sustains the character of "Romeo."

Mademoiselle Parodi played this scene, as indeed throughout—with intelligence and care. But she is never great, at her best. In acting, as in singing, she wants abandon, power, and charm. She is always intelligent, never entrancing. Her defiance in the first act was the greatest "hit" she made. We have no hopes of ever seeing her develop into a worthy successor of her illustrious mistress and friend—Pasta. The uncertainty of her intonation is not compensated by any flashes of genius, nor by daring grace of execution. Frezzolini is a handsome woman, with a flexible soprano; but she was little more than respectable as "Giulietta." In "Tebaldo" the audience welcomed their young favourite Gardoni, who has returned with increased vigour and finish, and without any loss of that freshness which is the main charm of his voice. The air "L'amo, ah l'amo," in the first scene, he sang with delightful expression, and phrased it better than we have been accustomed to hear him. We could not but regret, however, to see him spoil the effect of its finale, by pausing in the climbing crescendo of emotion to introduce one of the vulgar turns of modern tenors, who seem to think every cavatina must have the same closing phrase. We have very little doubt that this one conventionalism checked an encore.

On Thursday a great public favourite, Signor Puzzi, on the occasion of his annual benefit, treated us with Cimarosa's chef d'œuvre, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Sontag was the "Carolina," Parodi the "Fidalma" (what a falling off from Alboni!), and Frezzolini the "Elisetta." Lablache, of course, playing "Geronimo" as only he can play it. The house was crowded with fashion; but want of space forbids our this week entering into details.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—
GOETHE.

THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART II.

So the Dog wouldn't go, and the Cat set off by herself to learn how to be happy, and to be all that a Cat could be. It was a fine sunny morning. She determined to try the meadow first, and, after an hour or two, if she had not succeeded, then to go off to the wood. A Blackbird was piping away on a thornbush as if his heart was running over with happiness. The Cat had breakfasted, and so was able to listen without any mixture of feeling. She didn't sneak. She walked boldly up under the bush, and the bird, seeing she had no bad purpose, sat still and sung on.

"Good morning, Blackbird; you seem to be enjoying yourself this fine day."

"Good morning, Cat."

"Blackbird, it is an odd question, perhaps. What ought one to do to be as happy as you?"

"Do your duty, Cat."

"But what is my duty, Blackbird?"

"Take care of your little ones, Cat."

"I haven't any," said she.

"Then sing to your mate," said the bird.

"Tom is dead," said she.

"Poor Cat!" said the bird. "Then sing over his grave. If your song is sad you will find your heart grow lighter for it."

"Mercy!" thought the Cat. "I could do a little singing with a living lover, but I never heard of singing for a dead one. But you see, bird, it isn't Cat's nature. When I am cross, I mew. When I am pleased, I purr; but I must be pleased first. I can't purr myself into happiness."

"I am afraid there is something the matter with your heart, my Cat. It wants warming; good b'ye."

The Blackbird flew away. The Cat looked sadly after him. "He thinks I am like him; and he doesn't know that a Cat is a Cat," said she. "As it happens now, I feel a great deal for a Cat. If I hadn't got a heart I shouldn't be unhappy. I won't be angry. I'll try that great fat fellow."

The Ox lay placidly chewing, with content beaming out of his eyes and playing on his mouth.

"Ox," she said, "what is the way to be happy?"

"Do your duty," said the Ox.

"Bother," said the Cat, "duty again! What is it, Ox?"

"Get your dinner," said the Ox.

"But it is got for me, Ox; and I have nothing to do but eat it."

"Well eat it, then, like me."

"So I do; but I am not happy for all that."

"Then you are a very wicked, ungrateful Cat."

The Ox marched away. A Bee buzzed into a buttercup under the Cat's nose.

"I beg your pardon," said the Cat, "it isn't curiosity—What are you doing?"

"Doing my duty; don't stop me, Cat."

"But, Bee, what is your duty?"

"Making honey," said the Bee.

"I wish I could make honey," sighed the Cat.

"Do you mean to say you can't," said the Bee. "How stupid you must be. What do you do then?"

"I do nothing, Bee. I can't get anything to do."

"You won't get anything to do, you mean, you lazy Cat! You are a good for nothing drone. Do you know what we do to our drones? We kill them; and that is all they are fit for. Good morning to you."

"Well, I am sure," said the Cat, "they are treating me civilly; I had better have stopped at home at this rate. Stroke my whiskers! heartless! wicked! good for nothing! stupid! and only fit to be killed! This is a pleasant beginning any how. I must look for some wiser creatures than these are. What shall I do? I know. I know where I will go."

It was in the middle of the wood. The bush was very dark, but she found him by his wonderful eye. Presently, as she got used to the light, she distinguished a sloping roll of feathers, a rounded breast, surmounted by a round head, set close to the body, without an inch of a neck intervening. "How wise she looks!" she said, "What a brain! what a forehead! His head is not long, but what an expanse! and what a depth of earnestness! The Owl sloped his head a little on one side; the Cat slanted hers upon the other. The Owl set it straight again, the Cat did the same. They stood looking in this way for some minutes, at last, in a whispering voice, the Owl said, "What are you who presume to look into my repose; pass on upon your way, and carry elsewhere those prying eyes."

"Oh, wonderful Owl," said the Cat; "you are wise, and I want to be wise; and I am come to you to teach me."

A film floated backwards and forwards over the Owl's eyes; it was his way of showing that he was pleased.

"I have heard in our schoolroom," went on the Cat, "that you sat on the shoulder of Pallas, and she told you all about it."

"And what would you know, oh, my daughter?" said the Owl.

"Everything," said the Cat, "everything. First of all how to be happy."

"Mice content you not, my child, even as they content not me," said the Owl. "It is good."

"Mice, indeed!" said the Cat, "no. Parlour Cats don't eat mice. I have better than mice, and no trouble to get it: but I want something more."

"The body's meat is provided. You would now fill your soul."

"I want to improve," said the Cat. "I want something to do. I want to find out what the creatures call my duty."

"You would learn how to employ those happy hours of your leisure, rather how to make them happy by a worthy use. Meditate, oh, Cat! meditate! meditate!"

"That is the very thing," said she. "Meditate! that is what I love. Only I want to know how: I want something to meditate about. Tell me, Owl, and I will bless you every hour of the day as I sit by the parlour fire."

"I will tell you," answered the Owl, "what I have been thinking of ever since the moon changed. You shall take it home with you and think about it too; and the next full moon you shall come again to me; we will compare our conclusions."

"Delightful! delightful!" said the Cat. "What is it? I will try this minute."

"From the beginning," replied the Owl, "our race have been considering which first existed, the Owl or the egg. The Owl comes from the egg, but likewise the egg from the Owl."

"Mercy!" said the Cat.

"From sunrise to sunset I ponder on it, oh, Cat! When I reflect on the beauty of the complete Owl I think that must have been first, as the cause is greater than the effect. When I remember my own childhood, I incline the other way."

"Well, but how are we to find out?" said the Cat.

"Find out!" said the Owl. "We can never find out. The beauty of the question is that its solution is impossible. What would become of all our delightful reasonings, oh, unwise Cat! if we were so unhappy as to know?"

"But what in the world is the good of thinking about it, if you can't, oh, Owl?"

"My child, that is a foolish question. It is good, in order that the thoughts on these things may stimulate wonder. It is in wonder that the Owl is great."

"Then you don't know anything at all," said the Cat. "What did you sit on Pallas's shoulder for? You must have gone to sleep."

"Your tone is over flippant, Cat, for philosophy. The highest of all knowledge is to know that we know nothing."

The Cat made two great arches with her back and her tail.

"Bless the mother that laid you," said she. "You were dropped by mistake in a goose nest. You won't do. I don't know much, but I am not such a creature as you any how. A great white thing!"

She strained her body, stuck her tail up on end, and marched off with much dignity. But, though she respected herself rather more than before, she was not on the way to the end of her difficulties. She tried all the creatures she met without advancing a step. They had all the old story, "Do your duty." But each had its own, and no one could tell her what hers was. Only one point they all agreed upon, the duty of getting their dinner when they were hungry. The day wore on, and she began to think she would like hers. Her meals came so regularly at home that she scarcely knew what hunger was; but now the sensation came over her very palpably, and she experienced quite new emotions as the hares and rabbits skipped about her, or as she spied a bird upon a tree. For a moment she thought she would go back and eat the Owl, he was the most useless creature she had seen; but on second thought she didn't fancy he would be nice, besides that, his claws were sharp and his beak too. Presently, however, as she sauntered down the path she came on a little open patch of green, in the middle of which a fine fat Rabbit was sitting. There was no escape. The path ended there, and the bushes were so thick on each side that he couldn't get away except through her paws.

"Really," said the Cat, "I don't wish to be troublesome; I wouldn't do it if I could help it; but I am very hungry, I am afraid I must eat you. It is very unpleasant I assure you to me as well as to you."

The poor Rabbit begged for mercy.

"Well," said she, "I think it is hard; I do really—and, if the law could be altered, I should be the first to welcome it. But what can a Cat do? You eat the grass; I eat you. But, Rabbit, I wish you would do me a favour."

"Anything to save my life," said the Rabbit.

"It is not exactly that," said the Cat; "but I haven't been used to killing my own dinner, and it is disagreeable. Couldnt you die? I shall hurt you dreadfully if I kill you."

"Oh!" said the Rabbit, "you are a kind Cat; I see it in your eyes, and your whiskers don't curl like those of the Cats in the woods. I am sure you will spare me."

"But, Rabbit, it is a question of principle. I have to do my duty; and the only duty I have, as far as I can make out, is to get my dinner."

"If you kill me, Cat, to do your duty, I shan't be able to do mine."

It was a doubtful point, and the Cat was near to consenting. "What is your duty?" said she.

"I have seven little ones at home—seven little ones, and they will all die without me. Pray let me go."

"What! do you take care of your children?" said the Cat. "How interesting! I should like to see that; take me."

"Oh! you would eat them, you would," said the Rabbit. "No! better eat me than them. No, no."

"Well, well," said the Cat, "I don't know; I suppose I couldn't answer for myself. I don't think I am right, for duty is pleasant, and it is very unpleasant to be so hungry; but I suppose you must go. You seem a good Rabbit. Are you happy, Rabbit?"

"Happy! oh, dear beautiful Cat! if you spare me to my poor babies!"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Cat peevishly; "I don't want fine speeches; I meant whether you thought it worth while to be alive! Of course you do! It don't matter. Go, and keep out of my way; for, if I don't get my dinner, you may not get off another time. Get along, Rabbit."

THE SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE.

(THE Skerryvore is a very dangerous reef of rocks, chiefly under water, situated about eleven miles west of Tyree, and twenty of Iona. The name is from the Gaelic, and signifies "the Great Rock." It lies so low that it is not visible from any great distance, and it is surrounded by an almost perpetual surf, so that it has been the cause of many shipwrecks. A lighthouse was completed upon it in 1843, and the light exhibited for the first time on the 1st of February, 1844. Its erection occupied six seasons, during which, as the engineer, Mr. Alan Stevenson, observes in the preface to his delightful account of the lighthouse, in spite of almost daily perils, no loss of either life or limb occurred. This is referred to in Verse XV. The allusion in Verse XII. is to the fact that a temporary barrack, erected in the summer of 1838, was totally swept away the next winter.)

SKERRYVORE.

A goodly band of stalwart men
Pushed off from Scotland's shore;
Their path was o'er the stormy sea—
They rowed for Skerryvore.

They went not forth on vengeance bound,
Man against brother man,
To say, "Our Might shall pass for Right,
We Will because we Can";

They went not forth to dig for gold,
For gems, or precious ore;
The very seaweed scarce can cling
To waveworn Skerryvore:

An awful rock, it veils its head
Beneath the stormy waves,
And shatters ships, and scatters wrecks,
And hides from men their graves.

That goodly band, they reached its strand,
They climbed upon that tomb;
Each took his stand, and raised his hand,
They spoke across the gloom:—

"Our Brothers' cries have reached the skies,
Their blood stains all the Deep;
Thou hast made many a mother mourn,
And lonely orphan weep.

"Thou shalt not kill, or do more ill,
Thou shalt be marked like Cain,
That men may see, and flee from thee
Far off upon the main."

Then rose the Sea in fearful wrath,
And spoke with sullen roar:—

"This rock is mine, I love the Dead,
I will keep Skerryvore."

"Name not the Dead, oh Sea!" they said,
"Of Drowned thou hast full store;
Thou wilt canst spare to us this rock,
We will have Skerryvore."

Then spake the Sea:—"God gave to me—
His child—the Land to win."

"But God gave us both Land and Sea,
We are His next of kin.

"And we shall fight to try our right—
We Men, and thou the Sea;
And, if thy Might can quench our Light,
Thou shalt the Victor be."

Six years went past, from first to last,—
They struggled with the Sea;
And when at first its fury burst,
It won the victory.

But when the summer lull had come
And hushed the Sea to sleep,
They watched their time, they won the Rock,
And triumphed o'er the Deep.

Day after day they toiled away,
Little at night they slept;
With anxious eye they scanned the sky,
And careful watch they kept.

God's guiding hand was with that band,
His eye was o'er them all;
His mighty arm kept each from harm,
Not one did faint or fall.

Tier upon tier, they raised the pier,
Slowly they built the tower,
Until at last it mocked the blast,
And the Sea owned their power.

And now it stands to bless all hands,
And, with its beaming eye,
It watches far the mariner,
And warns him whence to fly.

And sometimes, on a summer eve,
The Sea looks up and smiles,
And on its bosom fondly hangs
The Lighthouse of the Isles.

All free from fears the Sailor steers,
And dreads the Rock no more;
The blessed Light makes Day of Night,—
The Light of Skerryvore!

V. V.

BEAUTY.

PEOPLE talk fluently of Beauty, but more fluently than well. Their ideas are in terrible confusion on the subject, because they are led away from the real question by prejudices in favour of what they call "moral beauty," which makes them oblivious of the great fact that the Creator's hand has been as lavish in the physical as in the moral world. It is a part of our Christian metaphysics to condemn the body in favour of an exclusive soul. But take any object in the universe and contemplate its beauty. Look at this Azalea, for example, which I am holding upwards in the light. Note the grace of these sprigs; see how the white shines from the dark leaves with a force of contrast most striking, almost harsh; no, not harsh, you say: but so harmonious, so sweet in both of the two colours contrasted, that the unity of sweetness softens the contrast into unison; the bright white and the deep green are the night and day of this little world that I hold in my hand—the two parts of one round integrity. Now, look closer; look at that surface, softer than ivory, whiter than the teeth cradled in the lips of beauty, dazzlingly white; yet so softly moulded, so lusciously polished, and yet again so sweetly sharp, that while you look into it your heart is stirred with wonder at the skill and sweet wit of the virtue that makes this *be* as we see it. Now smell it—that remote fragrant and fresh perfume, how honey-sweet but fresh with life! Do you not love this flower, as you would love the bright face of one your heart had bowed to? What is this beauty but a completeness of each thing in its kind, making us specially aware of the fulness of good therein compacted, provoking us to love? Why is our idea of human beauty so touching to us but because it is more *human*, and more thoroughly understood by us. Does it *not* move us to love?

Beauty is completeness of type, and the types nearest to us most affect us. I love this dear Azalea, which grows beside me, for the beauty which I am allowed to see in it; I love still more the beautiful woman that is my mate, and walks beside me in this outer Eden of a planet. When organization, erring from its type, is less complete, its powers of affecting me, at least on the sudden, are diminished. And this, I have often thought, explains why beauty, which so powerfully enslaves in woman, loses its paramount influence with time; while we grow used to plainness, and learn to think it beautiful.

Affection craves above all things affection. In the beautiful, strong in obeying the ordained law, the functions of life keep best their appointed movement. The most vigorous organizations can acquire strength in special exercises, and *not* become, as coarser organizations do, turgid with redundant fibre—as the antelope keeps its slender form, and the outline of the agile Lucile Grahn refuses to leave its graceful contour to acquire the massive forms common among dancers. Perfection of the tissues—tight smooth vocal cords and strong lungs—conduces to a sweet voice. Features undistorted by individual accidents of form, voice unbroken by casual defects, can best, and in most widely-understood language, express the feelings of typical humanity. *Ceteris paribus*, a beautiful organization, undisturbed by external influences, will have the most typical feelings—those which we most affect; but whatever feelings it has, it will express in the gestures of the countenance by a language clear and undistorted. Plainness is a *dialect* new to us at first; the gestures of the unsymmetrical features, deviating from the type, do not accurately inform us of the inner intent; but, with use, we learn that dialect: once learned, the coveted language of affection reaches us without let or adulteration; and *then* we say that plainness has grown "beautiful" in our eyes. Then the beauties of affection are displayed to us without disguise.

All love at first sight is created by the aspect of beauty. And it is no fable. If you appeal to intellect, take your judgment from that. What do the highest intellects say? How is it that the poets, those perfect philosophers in the elementary essential philosophy of humanity—how is it that they make all their men and women beautiful?—and painters the same? Do they despise the physical, or ignore the "moral and intellectual" power of "mere beauty"?

I do not know what people mean by "mere beauty." They might as well talk of mere sunlight, mere goodness, mere affection! Beauty is Beauty: godlike in its power, godlike in its perfection. To say that it is not something *else* is to ask the moral of the Rose. To me the Rose is enough; lovely in itself, but lovelier, I admit, when nestling in the white wonder of her bosom where my aching head would fain repose!

Matters of Fact.

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.—A return has been made in a Parliamentary paper of the number of Parliamentary electors in Great Britain and Ireland, according to the registration of 1848 and 1849, and 1849 and 1850. In 1848-49 the total number was 1,041,203, whilst in 1849-50 the number was 1,060,187, in the United Kingdom. In England, on the present registration, the number of votes is 839,797; in Wales, 48,019; and in Scotland, 90,305—making the total of Great Britain 978,121; and in Ireland 72,066, making the total in counties, cities, and boroughs, 1,050,187. Rates and taxes due by the 5th of January last must be paid by the 20th of July next to enable the parties to appear on the registry.

BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS. The Board of Trade returns for the month ending June 5 show a very great increase over those of the corresponding month last year. The increase in the declared value of our exports, as compared with June last year, is £1,604,623, being a larger increase than on any former occasion. This improvement is again distributed with remarkable uniformity throughout all departments of business, half the amount being independent of manufactures in cotton or wool, and consequently of the rise in the staple of those markets. The aggregate value of our exports during the first five months of the present year has been £21,191,973, showing an increase, as compared with the first five months of 1849, of £4,835,975. As compared also with the like period of 1848, the increase is £7,083,304. With regard to imports, the improvement which was noticed in the May returns is again observable, the consumption of most articles of food and luxury, except sugar, showing an increase.

EMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The tenth general report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners has been printed, and gives some interesting information connected with emigration from the United Kingdom. The emigration from the United Kingdom during the ten years ending the 31st of December, 1846, amounted to 856,392 persons, giving an average of 85,639 emigrants a year. During the years 1847 and 1848, the number of emigrants was 258,270 and 248,089 respectively, being nearly double the largest number that had emigrated in any previous year. During the year 1849 the emigration had reached the unprecedented number of 299,498 persons, of which number 230,517 proceeded to North America; 219,450 went to the United States; and 41,367 to British North America. The commissioners estimate that in 1849, exclusive of cabin passengers, £1,743,500 was expended on emigration, of which only £228,300 was paid out of public funds, leaving more than £1,500,000 as the probable amount provided out of private or parochial funds.

IMPORTATIONS OF SPECIE.—According to returns which have been prepared, exhibiting the amount of specie and bullion which has been imported from foreign countries during the six months ending the 30th of June by the various lines of Royal mail steamers arriving at Southampton, it appears that the West India steamships during the first half of the present year have landed at Southampton gold and silver in bars, dust, and coin, to the value of 11,814,275 dollars, or say, £2,362,855 sterling. Of this amount the principal proportion was in silver, the quantity of gold being about 3,317,760 dollars, or £663,592 sterling. The greater part of which, or nearly £500,000, was transmitted across the isthmus of Panama, where it was received, directly or indirectly, from California. Half a million sterling is, therefore, about the amount of Californian gold which may be estimated to have reached this country during the past six months, the remainder of the precious metals received at Southampton by the West India mail steamers being the produce of Chili, Peru, Bolivia, Central America, Mexico, &c. About 1,000,000 dollars in silver have been received from the west coast of Mexico, via Panama, being the first remittance from that part of the world, the produce of the mines having been generally collected on the coast by her Majesty's ships-of-war, and conveyed via Cape Horn. It is anticipated that when the new route of the steamers is in operation, the whole of the silver will in future be transmitted to England by way of Panama. The amount brought during the past six months as remittances for account of the Mexican dividends is 451,865 dollars, or £90,373 sterling. As compared with the corresponding half year of 1849, the importations of bullion from the western hemisphere show an increase of 1,243,620 dollars, or £248,730, thus proving that the flow of specie is unchecked and increasing. There is a slight falling off when compared with the last half year of 1849, when the amount was 12,670,705 dollars, or £1,534,141 sterling, but there is every probability that during the next six months this amount will be considerably exceeded. From other parts of the world the receipts of the precious metals show a considerable falling off when compared with the corresponding periods of former years. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers from Alexandria have brought only £56,732 sterling, against £498,591, thus giving a decrease of £441,859 sterling. The principal cause of this appears to be the entire cessation of the large remittances made to England by the East India Company from the Indian treasures, and which are not likely to be resumed. The Constantinople steamers have brought gold and silver, value £370,533 sterling, against £540,000 received from January to June inclusive in 1849, and the Peninsular steamers from the Spanish and Portuguese ports have brought specie value £130,000. The aggregate amount of the precious metals imported into Southampton from all quarters, for the six months ending the 30th of June, including 50,000 dollars from the United States, is 14,695,600 dollars, or £2,939,120 against £3,372,724 in the corresponding period of 1849, showing a falling off in the total receipts of £433,604,

caused by the lessened supplies from Alexandria, Constantinople, and the Mediterranean. The specie imported into Southampton from all quarters during the six months ending the 31st of December last amounted to 16,379,655 dollars, or £3,276,931, an excess when compared with the half-year just ended of £336,311 sterling.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Returns.)

In the week ending last Saturday 965 deaths were registered in London. The increase on the return of the previous week, when only 775 deaths occurred, arises, not from an increased rate of mortality, but from an influx of cases which had been the subjects of coroners' inquests at various periods in the last three months, but were not registered till the end of the quarter. The corrected average for 10 corresponding weeks in 1849-50 is 994; compared with which the deaths of last week exhibit a decrease of 29. Ten persons, of whom 9 were children, died of small-pox, 17 of measles, 14 of scarlatina, 19 of hooping-cough, and 34 of typhus; all of these epidemics showing much less than the usual mortality, except the last, which differs little from the average. But diarrhoea shows a considerable increase; in the last three weeks the fatal cases have run thus—17, 18, and 33. Two deaths from cholera were registered. On the 25th of June, at 4, Princes-street, Cripplegate, a porter, aged 38 years, died of "acute rheumatism (10 days), cholera (3 days)." The deceased had a severe attack of cholera in August last, and since that time his health has not been good. On the 28th of June, at 23, Windmill-row, the wife of a labourer, aged 54 years, died of "bilious cholera (45 hours)." The certificate adds that "there was no purging in this case." Mr. Mears, the registrar, when cholera prevailed last year, described this row as in a filthy condition, and singularly adapted to generate disease. The mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.888 inches. The mean temperature was 64.2 degrees. It was more than 7 degrees above the average on the first four days, and it was below it during the remainder of the week.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

SATURDAY. The English Stock Market has been rather brisker during the present week than for some time previously. On Saturday Consols had not more than recovered from the slight depression reported on Friday, the closing prices being 96½ to 96¾. There was not much business on Monday, but, under the influence of some speculative purchases, Consols advanced to 96½ to 96¾.

On Tuesday the English Funds opened at a slight decline, and remained without variation throughout the day. On Wednesday a rally took place, in consequence of large purchases by a leading broker, and the continued arrivals of specie. After having touched 96½, Consols closed at 96½ to 96¾. This improvement was fully maintained on Thursday; a large number of purchases were made, based upon the anticipated favourable appearance of the forthcoming revenue return, and prices closed at 96½ to 96¾. Yesterday the market was buoyant, and Consols closed at 96½ to 96¾.

The variations in the price of Consols have been rather greater this week than usual; in other stocks there has also been a wider variation. The range has been as follows:—Consols, 96½ to 97; Bank Stock, 208½ to 211; Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents, 98½ to 99; Exchequer Bills, 67s. to 70s.

The Foreign Stock Market has been firm during the week, and an increased business was transacted in stocks of a speculative description. The only remarkable advance in prices has been in Peruvian and Venezuela Bonds. In Peruvian the advance has been from 78½ to 83½. The latest transactions comprised—Danish Three per Cents, at 74; Ecuador, 3½; Granada, 18½; Mexican, for account, 30½; Peruvian, for account, 83, 82½, 2, and 1; the Deferred, 36½, 1, 3, 36, and 36½; Portuguese Five per Cents. Converted, 33½; the Four per Cents, 34; Russian Four-and-a-Half per Cents, 95½; the Small, 95½; Passive, 3½; Venezuela, 35½, 35, and 35½; the Deferred, 12½, 1, 13, and 12½; Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents, 56½ and 57½; and the Four per Cent. Certificates, 88.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 32, for the week ending on Saturday, the 29th of June, 1850.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.	
Notes issued	30,225,755
Government Debt, 11,015,100	
Other Securities ..	2,984,900
Gold Coin and Bullion ..	16,016,597
Silver Bullion	209,156
£30,225,755	£30,225,755

BANKING DEPARTMENT.	
Proprietors' Capital, 14,553,000	
Reserve	3,067,250
Public Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings' Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts) ..	9,679,111
Other Deposits ..	9,167,709
Seven-day and other Bills	1,244,787
£37,711,857	£37,711,857

Dated July 4, 1850, M. MARSHALL, Chief Cashier.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(Closing Prices.)

	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	96½	97	96½	97½	97½	97½
3 per Cent. Red.	96½	97	96½	97½	97½	97½
3 per Cent. Con. Ana.	96½	97	96½	97½	97½	97½
3 per Cent. Con. A.	96½	97	96½	97½	97½	97½
3 per Cent. An.	96½	97	96½	97½	97½	97½
New 5 per Cts.	8 3-16	8 3-16	8 3-16	8 3-16	8 3-16	8 3-16
Long Ana, 1850.	8 3-16	8 3-16	8 3-16	8 3-16	8 3-16	8 3-16
Ind. St. 100 p. ct.	87	87	87	87	87	87
Ditto Bonds	67	67	67	67	67	67
Ex. Bills, 1000l.	70 p	70 p	70 p	70 p	70 p	70 p
Ditto, Small	70 p	70 p	70 p	70 p	70 p	70 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(Last Official Quotation during the Week ending Friday Evening.)

Austrian 5 per Cents.	95½	Mexican 5 per Cts. Ac.	30½
Belgian Bds., 4½ p. Ct.	91	Neapolitan 5 per Cents.	—
Brazilian 5 per Cents.	—	Peruvian 4½ per Cents.	—
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts.	59½	Portuguese 5 per Cent.	—
Chilian 6 per Cents.	—	— 4 per Cts.	84
Ecuador Bonds	3½	— Annuities	—
Danish 3 per Cents.	—	Russian, 1852, 5 p. Cts.	111
Dutch 3½ per Cents.	57½	Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts.	17½
— 4 per Cents.	—	— Passive	—
French 3½ p. Cts. An. at Paris	94.95	— Deferred	—
— 3 p. Cts., July 5.	97.5		

SHARES.

Last Official Quotation for the Week ending Friday Evening.

RAILWAYS.		BANKS.	
Caledonian	7½	Australasian	—
Edinburgh and Glasgow	27	British North American	—
Eastern Counties	7½	Colonial	7
Great Northern	20½	Commercial of London ..	24½
Great North of England	236	London and Westminster	—
Great S. & W. (Ireland)	31	London Joint Stock	—
Great Western	59½	National of Ireland	—
Hull and Selby	59½	National Provincial	—
Lincolnshire and Yorkshire	37½	Provincial of Ireland ..	43
Lancaster and Carlisle	55	Union of Australia	48
London, Brighton, & S. Coast	83½	Union of London	12½
London and Blackwall ..	44		
London and N.-Western	110		
Midland	35		
North British	54		
South-Eastern and Dover	14½		
South-Western	56		
York, Newcas., & Berwick	15		
York and North Midland	15½		
DOCKS.		MINE.	
East and West India ..	—	Bolan	—
London	—	Brasilia Imperial	—
St. Katharine	—	Ditto, St. John del Rey	—
		Cobre Copper	31
		MISCELLANEOUS.	
		Australian Agricultural	—
		Canada	—
		General Steam	—
		Penins. & Oriental Steam	79½
		Royal Mail Steam	—
		South Australian	—

GRAIN, Mark-lane, July 5.

Wheat, R. New	40s. to 41s.	Maple	28s. to 29s.
Fine	41 — 42	White	24 — 25
Old	40 — 42	Boilers	25 — 26
White	40 — 42	Beans, Ticks	25 — 26
Fine	43 — 44	Old	37 — 38
Superior New	44 — 48	Indian Corn	26 — 28
Rye	23 — 24	Oats, Feed	17 — 18
Barley	21 — 22	— Fine	18 — 19
Malt	22 — 23	Potato	19 — 20
Malt, Ord	48 — 50	— Fine	20 — 21
Fine	50 — 53	Potato	18 — 19
Peas, Hog	27 — 28	— Fine	19 — 20

GENERAL AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 27.

Imperial General Weekly Average.

Wheat	40s. 9d.	Rye	21s. 6d.
Barley	21 6	Beans	25 11
Oats	16 5	Peas	25 11

Aggregate Average of the Six Weeks.

Wheat	40s. 3d.	Rye	22s. 5d.
Barley	22 4	Beans	26 9
Oats	16 6	Peas	26 9

FLOUR.

Town-made	per sack 37s. to 40s.
Seconds	34 — 37
Essex and Suffolk, on board ship	30 — 32
Norfolk and Stockton	28 — 30
American	per barrel 19 — 23
Canadian	20 — 23
Wheat Bread, 6d. the 4lb. loaf. Households, 5d.	

AVERAGE PRICE OF SUGAR.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 2nd day of July, 1850, is 24s. 8½d. per cwt.

BUTCHERS' MEAT.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.		SMITHFIELD.	
Beef	s. d.	Beef	s. d.
Mutton	2 6 to 3 4	Mutton	2 4 to 3 6
Veal	2 4 — 3 8	Veal	2 10 — 3 10
Pork	2 8 — 4 0	Pork	3 0 — 3 10
Lamb	3 8 — 5 0	Lamb	4 0 — 5 0

* To sink the offal, per 8 lb.

HEAD OF CATTLE AT SMITHFIELD.

	Friday.	Monday.
Beasts	851	350
Calves	17,210	29,600
Sheep	580	290
Pigs	287	310

PROVISIONS.

Butter—Best Fresh, 9s. to 11s. per dos.	
Carlow, £3 6s. to £3 8s. per cwt.	
Bacon, Irish	per cwt. 59s. to 61s.
Cheese, Cheshire	46 — 50
Derby, Flain	46 — 50
Hams, York	60 — 70
Eggs, French, per 120, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.	

(Signed) "J. H. ALLIDAY."

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A PUBLIC MEETING will take place at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on TUESDAY NEXT, July 6, for the purpose of presenting the Prizes offered by the Committee for the Three best Essays by Clergymen upon the Objects of the Society.

The Honourable ARTHUR KINNAIRD will take the Chair at Two o'clock.
 Tickets of admission may be had at Messrs. Dalton's, Hatchard's, Nesbit's, Parker's, and Seeley's.
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